

T H E
M A N O F M O D E,
O R,
Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER.
A
C O M E D Y:

By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE.



L O N D O N.

Printed for the Company of Booksellers.



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PROLOGUE.

By Sir Car Scroope Baronet.

Like dancers on the ropes poor Poets fare,
Most perish young, the rest in danger are;
This (one wou'd think) shou'd make our Authors wary;
But Gamester-like the giddy fools miscarry.
A lucky hand or two so tempts 'em on,
They cannot leave off Play till they're undone.
With modest fears a Muse does first begin,
Like a young wench newly entic'd to sin:
But tickl'd once with praise, by her good will,
The wanton fool wou'd never more lie still.
'Tis an old mistress you'll meet here to-night
Whose charms you once have lookt on with delight.
But now of late such dirty drabs have known you,
A Muse o' th' better sort's asham'd to own you.
Nature well drawn and wit must now give place
To gawdy nonsense and to dull grimace.
Nor is it strange that you shou'd like so much
That kind of wit, for most of yours is such.
But I'm afraid that while to France we go,
To bring you home fine dresses, dance and show:
The stage like you will but more foppish grow.
Of foreign wares why shou'd we fetch the scum,
When we can be so richly serv'd at home?
For Heav'n be thank'd 'tis not so wise an age,
But your own follies may supply the stage.
Tho' often plow'd, there's no great fear the soil
Should barren grow by the too frequent toil;
While at your doors are to be daily found,
Such loads of dung-hill to manure the ground.
'Tis by your follies that we Players thrive,
As the Physicians by diseases live.
And as each year some new distemper reigns,
Whose friendly poison helps t'increase their gains:

So among you there starts up every day,
Some new unheard of fool for us to play.
Then for your own sakes be not too severe,
Nor what you all admire at home, damn here.
Since each is fond of his own ugly face,
Why shou'd you, when we hold it, break the glass?

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. DORIMANT,
MR. MEDLEY;
OLD BELLAIR,
YOUNG BELLAIR,
SIR FOPLING FLUTTER.

Gentlemen.

LADY TOWNLEY,
EMILIA,
MRS. LOVEIT,
BELLINDA,
LADY WOODVIL, &
HARRIET *her Daughter.*

Gentlewomen.

Pett, and *Busby*, Waiting-Women.

A Shoemaker.

An Orange woman.

Three Slovenly Bullies.

Two Chairmen:

Mr. Smirk, a Parson.

Handy, a Valet de Chambre.

Pages, *Footmen*, &c.



T H E
M A N O F M O D E;
O R,
S r. F O P L I N G F L U T T E R.



A C T. I.

S C E N E I.

*A Dressing Room, a Table covered
with a Toilet, Cloaths laid ready.*

*Enter Dorimant in his gown and slippers, with
a Note in his hand made up, repeating verses.*

D O R I M A N T.

N O w for some Ages had the pride of Spain,
Made the Sun shine on half the world in vain.
[Then looking on the Note.
For Mrs. Loveit.

What a dull insipid thing is a billet-doux written in cold
A 3 blood

6 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

blood, after the heat of the business is over? It is a tax upon good-nature, which I have here been labouring to pay, and have done it; but with as much regret, as ever Fanatick paid the Royal Aid, or Church-duties. 'Twill have the same fate I know that all my Notes to her have had of late, 'twill not be thought kind enough. Faith Women are i'the right, when they jealously examine our Letters, for in them we always first discover our decay of passion, .. Hay! Who waits? ...

Enter Handy.

Handy. Sir....

Dor. Call a Footman,

Handy. None of 'em are come yet.

Dor. Dogs! will they ever lie snoring a-bed till noon?

Handy. 'Tis all one, Sir; if they're up, you indulge 'em so, they're ever poaching after whores all the morning.

Dor. Take notice henceforward who's wanting in his duty; the next clap he gets he shall rot for an example... What vermin are those chattering without?

Handy. Foggy Nan the orange Woman, and swearing Tom the Shoemaker,

Dor. Go, call in that over grown jade with the flasket of guts before her; fruit is refreshing in a morning.

[Exit Handy]

It is not that I love you less

Than when before your feet I lay. [Enter Or. Wom.]

How now double-tripe, what news do you bring?

Or Wom. News! Here's the best fruit has come to Town t'year. Gad I was up before four a clock this morning, and bought all the choice i'the market.

Dor. The nasty refuse of your shop...

Or Wom. You need not make mouths at it; I assure you 'tis all cull'd ware.

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Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER 7

Dor. The Citizens buy better on a Holiday; in their walk to *Totnam*.

Or. Wom. Good or bad, 'tis all one; I never knew you commend any thing. Lord wou'd the Ladies had heard you talk of 'em as I have done. Here bid your Man give me an Angel. [*Sets down the Fruit.*]

Dor. Give the Bawd her fruit again.

Or. Wom. Well, on my conscience, there never was the like of you... God's my life, I had almost forgot to tell you, there is a young Gentlewoman lately come to Town with her mother, that is so taken with you..

Dor. Is she handsome?

Or. Wom. Nay, Gad there are few finer Women, I tell you but so; and a hugeous fortune they say. Here, eat this Peach, it comes from the stone, 'tis better than any *Newington* y'have tasted.

Dor. [*taking the Peach.*] This fine Woman, I'll lay my life, is some awkward ill fashion'd Country toad, who not having above four dozen of black hairs on her head, has adorn'd her baldness with a large white fruz, that she may look sparkishly in the fore front of the King's box, at an old Play.

Or. Wom. Gad you'd change your note quickly if you did but see her.

Dor. How came she to know me?

Or. Wom. She saw you yesterday at the *Change*: she told me, you came and fool'd with the Woman at the next shop.

Dor. I remember there was a Mask observ'd me indeed. Fool'd did she say?

Or. Wom. Ay, I vow she told me twenty things you said too, and acted with her head, and with her body, so like you...

Enter Medley.

Medley. *Dorimant* my life, my joy, my darling sin how dost thou?

8 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Or. Wom. Lord, what a filthy trick these men have got of kissing one another! [*She spits*

Med. Why do you suffer this cart load of scandal to come near you; and make your neighbours think you so improvident to need a Baw'd?

Or. Wom. Good, now we shall have it, you did but want him to help you, come pay me for my fruit.

Med. Make us thankful for it hufwife; Bawds are as much out of fashion as Gentlemen Ushers; none but old formal Ladies use the one, and none but foppish old stagers employ the other: go, you are an insignificant brandy botle.

Dor. Nay, there you wrong her, three quarts of canary is her business.

Or. Wom. What you please Gentlemen.

Dor. To him, give him as good as he brings.

Or. Wom. Hang him, there's not such another heathen in the Town again, except it be the Shoemaker without.

Med. I shall see you hold up your hand at the Bar next Sessions for murder, hufwife; that Shoemaker can take his oath, you are in see with the Doctorsto sell green fruit to the Gentry; that the crudities may breed diseases.

Or. Wom. Pray give me my money.

Dor. Not a penny; when you bring the Gentlewoman hither you spoke of, you shall be paid.

Or. Wom. The Gentlewoman! the Gentlewoman! may be as honest as your Sisters for ought as I know. Pray pay me, Mr. *Dorimant*, and do not abuse me so; I have an honest way of living, you know it.

Med. Was there ever such a resty Bawd?

Dor. Somejades tricks she has, but she makes amends when she's in good humour. Come, tell me the Ladys name, and *Handy* shall pay you.

Or. Wom. I must not, she forbid me.

Dor. That's a sure sign she wou'd have you,

Med.

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER

Med. Where does she live?

Or. Wom. They lodge at my house.

Med. Nay, then she's in a hopeful way.

Or. Wom. Good Mr. *Medly*, say your pleasure of me; but take heed how you affront my house. God's my life, in a hopeful way!

Dor. Prithee, peace: what kind of Woman's the mother?

Or. Wom. A goodly grave Gentlewoman. Lord how she talks against the wild young men o'the town! As for your part she thinks you an arrant Devil; shou'd she see you, on my conscience she wou'd look if you had not a cloven foot.

Dor. Does she know me?

Or. Wom. Only by hearsay; a thousand horrid stories have been told her of you, and she believes 'em all.

Med. By the character, this should be the famous Lady Woodvil, and her daughter Harriet.

Or. Wom. The Devil's in him for guessing, I think.

Dor. Do you know 'em?

Med. Both very well, the mother's a great admirer of the forms and civilities of the last age.

Dor. An antiquated Beauty may be allow'd to be out of humour at the freedoms of the present. This is a good account of the mother; pray what is the daughter?

Med. Why, first she's an heiress vastly rich.

Dor. And handsome?

Med. What alteration a twelve-month may have bred in her I know not; but a year ago she was the beautifullest creature I ever saw; a fine, easie, clean shape, light brown hair in abundance; her features regular, her complexion clear and lively, large wanton eyes; but above all, a mouth that has made me kiss it a thousand times in imagination; teeth white and even, and pretty pouting lips, with a little moisture ever hanging on them, that look like the province rose fresh on the bush, 'ere the morning Sun has quite drawn up the dew,

Dor. Rapture, meer rapture!

10 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Or. Wom. Nay, gad he tells you true, she's a delicate creature.

Dor. Has she wit?

Med. More than is usual in her sex, and as much malice. Then she's as wild as you'd wish her, and has a demureness in her looks, that makes it so surprising...

Dor. Flesh and blood cannot bear this and not long to know her.

Med. I wonder what makes her mother bring her up to Town; an old doating Keeper cannot be more jealous of his Mistress.

Or. Wom. She made me laugh yesterday; there was a Judge came to visit 'em, and the old man she told me did so stare upon her, and when he saluted her smack'd so heartily; who would think it of 'em?

Med. God a mercy Judge.

Dor. Do 'em right, the Gentlemen of the long Robe have not been wanting by their good examples, to countenance the crying sin o'the nation.

Med. Come, on with your trappings, 'tis later than you imagine.

Dor. Call in the Shoemaker, Handy.

Or. Wom. Good Mr. Dorimant pay me; Gad I had rather give you my fruit than stay to be abus'd by that foul mouth'd rogue; what you Gentlemen say it matters not much, but such a dirty fellow does one more disgrace.

Dor. Give her ten shillings; and be sure you tell the young Gentlewoman I must be acquainted with her.

Or. Wom. Now do you long to be tempting this pretty Creature. Well, Heavens mend you.

Med. Farewel Bogg... [*Ex. Or. Woman and Handy.*] *Dorimant*, when did you see your *pis aller* as you call her, Mrs. *Lovest*?

Dor. Not these two days.

Med. And how stand affairs between you?

Dor. There has been great patching of late; much ado

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do we make a shift to hang together.

Med. I wonder how her mighty spirit bears it.

Dor. Ill enough on all conscience; I never knew so violent a creature.

Med. She's the most passionate in her Love, and the most extravagant in her Jealousie of any Woman I ever heard of. What Note is that?

Dor. An excuse I am going to send her for the neglect I am guilty of.

Med. Prithce read it.

Dor. No, but if you'll take the pains, you may.

Medley reads.

I never was a Lover of business, but now I have a just reason to hate it, since it has kept me these two days from seeing you. I intend to wait upon you in the afternoon, and in the pleasure of your conversation, forget all I have suffer'd during this tedious absence.

This business of yours *Dorimant* has been with a vizard at the Play-house; I have had an eye on you. If some malicious body shou'd betray you, this kind Note wou'd hardly make your peace with her.

Dor. I desire no better.

Med. Why, wou'd her knowledge of it oblige you?

Dor. Most infinitely. Next to the coming to a good understanding with a new Mistress, I love a quarrel with an old one; but the Devil's in't, there has been such a calm in my affairs of late, I have not had the pleasure of making a Woman so much as break her fan, to be fullen, or forswear her self these three days.

Med. A very great misfortune! Let me see, I love mischief well enough to forward this business my self; I'll about it presently, and though I know the truth of what y've done will set her a raving, I'll heighten it a little with invention, leave her in a fit o'the Mother

12 THE MAN OF MODE; or,
ther, and be here again before y^rare ready.

Dor. Pray stay, you may spare your self the labour the business is undertaken already, by one who will manage it with as much address, and I think with little more malice than you can.

Med. Who iⁿ the Devils name can this be!

Dor. Why the vizard, that very vizard you saw me with,

Med. Does she love mischief so well, as to betray herself to spight another?

Dor. Not so neither, *Medley*, I will make you comprehend the mystery. This masque for a farther confirmation of what I have been these two days swearing to her, made me yesterday at the Play-house make her a promise, before her face, utterly to break off with *Loveit*; and because she tenders my reputation, and would not have me do a barbarous thing, has contriv'd a way to give me a handsome occasion.

Med. Very good.

Dor. She intends about an hour before me, this afternoon, to make *Loveit* a visit, and having the priviledge, by reason of a profess'd friendship between 'em, to talk of her concerns...

Med. Is she a friend?

Dor. Oh, an intimate friend!

Med. Better and better, pray proceed.

Dor. She means insensibly to insinuate a discourse of me, and artificially raise her jealousy to such a height, that transported with the first motions of her passion, she shall fly upon me with all the fury imaginable, as soon as ever I enter: the quarrel being thus happily begun, I am to play my part, confess and justify all my roguery, swear her impertinence & ill humour makes her intolerable, tax her with the next sop that comes into my head, and in a huff march away, slight her and leave her to be taken by whosoever thinks it worth his time to lie down before her.

Med.

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Med. This vizard is a spark, and has a genius that makes her worthy of your self, *Dorimant*.

Enter Handy, Shoemaker, and Footman.

Dor. You rogue there, who speak like a dog that has flung down a dish, if you do not mend your waiting, I'll uncase you, and turn you loose to the wheel of fortune. *Handy*, seal this, and let him run with it presently. [*Exit Handy and Footman.*]

Med. Since y'are resolv'd on a quarrel, why do you send her this kind note?

Dor. To keep her at home in order to the business. How now you drunken sot? [*To the Shoemaker.*]

Shoom. 'Zbud, you have no reason to talk, I have not had a bottle of sack of yours in my belly this fortnight.

Med. The Orange Woman says, your neighbours take notice what a heathen you are, and design to inform the Bishop, and have you burn'd for an Atheist.

Shoom. Damn her, dung-hill, if her husband does not remove her, she stinks so, the Parish intend to indite him for a nuisance.

Med. I advise you like a friend, reform your life; you have brought the envy of the world upon you, by living above your self: whoring and swearing are vices too gentile for a Shoemaker.

Shoom. 'Zbud, I think you men of quality will grow as unreasonable as the Women; you wou'd ingross the sins o'the nation; poor folks can no sooner be wicked, but th'are rail'd at by their betters.

Dor. Sirrah, I'll have you stand i'the pillory for this libel.

Shoom. Some of you deserve it, I'm sure; there are so many of 'em, that our journey men now adays instead of harmless ballads, sing nothing but your damn'd lampoons.

Dor. Our Lampoons, you rogue?

Shoom

14 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Shoom. Nay, good Master, why shou'd not you write your own commentaries, as well as *Cesar*?

Med. The raskal's read, I perceive.

Shoom. You know the old proverb, ale and history.

Dor. Draw on my shoes, Sirrah.

Shoom. Here's a shoe.

Dor. Sits with more wrinkles than there are in an angry bullies forehead.

Shoom. 'Zbud, as smooth as your mistress's skin does upon her; so, strike your foot in home 'Zbud, if e'er a Monsieur of 'em all make more fashionable ware, I'll be content to have my ears whip'd off with my own paring knife.

Med. And serv'd up in a ragoust, instead of coxcombs to a company of french Shoormakers for a collation.

Shoom. Hold, hold, damn 'em catterpillars, let 'em feed upon cabbage. Come Master, your health this morning next my heart now.

Dor. Go, get you home, and govern your family better; do not let your Wife follow you to the alehouse beat your where, and lead you home in triumph.

Shoom. 'Zbud, there's never a man i'th' Town live more like a Gentleman, with his Wife, than I do. I never mind her motions, she never inquires into mine we speak one to another civilly, hate one another heartily, and because 'tis vulgar to lie and soak together we have each of us our several settle bed.

Dor. Give him half a crown.

Med. Not without he will promise to be bloody drunk.

Shoom. Tope's the word i'th' eye of the world, for my Masters honour. *Robin.*

Dor. Do not debauch my Servants, Sirrah.

Shoom. I only tip him the wink, he knows an alehouse from a hovel. [Exit Shoormaker]

Dor. My cloaths quickly.

Med. Where shall we dine to-day?

Dor. Where you will; here comes a good third man.

Enter Bellair

Sr.

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Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER 15

Bell. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

Med. Gentle Sir; how will you answer this visit to your honorable Mistress? 'tis not her interest you should keep company with men of sense, who will be talking reason.

Bell. I do not fear her pardon, do you but grant me yours, for my neglect of late.

Med. Though y've made us miserable by the want of your good company; to shew you I am free from all resentment, may the beautiful cause of our misfortune, give you all the joys happy Lovers have shar'd ever since the world began.

Bell. You wish me in Heaven, but you believe me on my journey to Hell.

Med. You have a good strong faith, and that may contribute much toward your salvation. I confess I am but of an untoward constitution, apt to have doubts and scruples, and in Love they are no less distracting than in Religion. Were I so near marriage, I should cry out by fits as I ride in my coach, cuckold, cuckold, with no less fury than the mad fanatick does glory in *Bethlem*?

Bell. Because Religion makes some run mad, must I live an Atheist?

Med. Is it not great indiscretion for a man of credit, who may have money enough on his word, to go and deal with Jews; who for little sums make men enter into Bonds, and give judgments?

Bell. Preach no more on this text, I am determin'd, and there is no hope of my conversion.

Dor. Leave your unnecessary fiddling; a wasp that's buzzing about a man's nose at dinner, is not more troublesome than thou art.

[To Handy who is fiddling about him.

Hand. You love to have your cloaths hang just, Sir,

Dor. I love to be well dress'd, Sir; and think it no scandal to my understanding.

Hand. Will you use the essence, or orange flower-water?

Dor

16 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Dor. I will smell as I do to-day, no offence to the Ladies noses.

Hand. Your pleasure, Sir.

Dor. That a mans excellency should lie in neatly tying of a ribbond, or a cravat! how careful's Nature in furnishing the world with necessary coxcombs!

Bell. That's a mighty pretty suit of yours, *Dor.*

Dor. I am glad 't has your approbation.

Bell. No man in Town has a better fancy in his cloaths than you have.

Dor. You will make me have an opinion of my Genius.

Med. There is a great Critick I hear in these matters lately arriv'd piping hot from *Paris*.

Bell. Sir *Fopling Flutter* you mean?

Med. The same.

Bell. He thinks himself the pattern of modern Gallantry.

Dor. He is indeed the pattern of modern foppery.

Med. He was yesterday at the Play, with a pair of Gloves up to his elbows, and a Periwig more exactly curl'd than a Ladies head newly dress'd for a ball.

Bell. What a pretty lisp he has!

Dor. Ho, that he affects in imitation of the people of quality in *France*.

Med. His head stands, for the most part, on one side and his looks are more languishing than a Ladies, when she lolls at stretch in her coach, or leans her head carelessly against the side of a box in the Play-house.

Dor. He is a person indeed of great acquired follies.

Med. He is like many others, beholding to his education for making him so eminent a coxcomb. Many a fool had been lost to the world, had their indulgent parents wisely bestow'd neither learning nor good breeding on 'em.

Bell. He has been, as the sparkish word is, brisling upon the Ladies already; he was yesterday at my aunt's

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SR. FOPLING FLUTTER 17

Townleys, and gave *Mrs. Loveit* a catalogue of his good qualities, under the character of a compleat Gentleman, who according to *Sir Fopling*, ought to dress well, dance well, fence well, have a genius for love-letters, an agreeable voice for a chamber, be very amorous, something discreet, but not over constant.

Med. Pretty ingredients to make an accomplish'd person.

Dor. I am glad he pitcht upon *Loveit*.

Bell. How so?

Dor. I wanted a Fop to lay to her charge, and this is as pat as may be.

Bell. I am confident she loves no man but you.

Dor. The good fortune were enough to make me vain, but that I am in my nature modest.

Bell. Hark you *Dorimant*. With your leave *M. Medley*, 'tis only a secret concerning a fair Lady.

Med. Your good breeding Sir, gives you too much trouble, you might have whisper'd without all this ceremony.

Bell. How stand your affairs with *Bellinda* of late?
[To *Dorimant*.

Dor. She's a little jilting baggage.

Bell. Nay, I believe her false enough, but she's ne'er the worse for your purpose. She was with you yesterday in a disguise at the Play.

Dor. There we fell out, and resolv'd never to speak to one another more.

Bell. The occasion?

Dor. Want of courage to meet me at the place appointed. These young women apprehend loving, as much as the young men do fighting at first; but once enter'd, like them too, they all turn bullies straight.

Enter Handy to Bellair.

Handy. Sir, Your man without desires to speak with you.
B*Bell.*

18 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Bell. Gentlemen, I'll return immediately. [*Ex. Bellair*]

Med. A very pretty fellow this.

Dor. He's handsome, well bred, and by much the most tolerable of all the young men that do not abound in wit.

Med. Ever well dress'd, always complaisant, and freedom impertinent. You and he are grown very intimate I see.

Dor. It is our mutual interest to be so; it makes the women think the better of his understanding, and judge more favorably of my reputation; it makes him pass upon some for a man of very good sense, and me upon others for a very civil person.

Med. What was that whisper?

Dor. A thing which he wou'd fain have known, but I did not think it fit to tell him; it might have frightened him from his honourable intentions of marrying.

Med. *Emilia*, give her her due, has the best reputation of any young woman about the Town, who has beauty enough to provoke detraction; her carriage is unaffected, her discourse modest, not at all censorious, nor pretending, like the counterfeiters of the age.

Dor. She's a discreet Maid; and I believe nothing can corrupt her but a husband.

Med. A husband?

Dor. Yes, a husband; I have known many Women make a difficulty of losing a maidenhead, who have afterwards made none of making a cuckold.

Med. This prudent consideration I am apt to think has made you confirm poor *Bellair* in the desperate resolution he has taken.

Dor. Indeed the little hope I found there was of her, in the state she was in, has made me, by my advice, contribute something towards the changing of her condition. [*Enter Bellair.*] Dear *Bellair*, by Heavens I thought we had lost thee; men in love are never to be reckon'd on when we wou'd form a company.

Bell.

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Bell. Dorimant, I am undone, my man has brought the most surprising news i'the world.

Dor. Some strange misfortune is befalln your love?

Bell. My Father came to Town last night, and lodges i'the very house where *Emilia* lies.

Med. Does he know it is with her you are in love?

Bell. He knows I love, but knows not whom, without some officious sot has betray'd me.

Dor. Your Aunt *Townly* is your confident, and favours the business.

Bell. I do not apprehend any ill office from her. I have received a letter, in which I am commanded by my Father to meet him at my Aunts this afternoon: he tells me farther, he has made a match for me, and bids me resolve to be obedient to his will, or expect to be disinherited.

Med. Now's your time, *Bellair*; never had Lover such an opportunity of giving a generous proof of his passion.

Bell. As how I pray?

Med. Why, hang an estate, marry *Emilia* out of hand, and provoke your Father to do what he threatens. 'Tis but despising a coach, humbling your self to a pair of goloshoes, being out of countenance when you meet your friends, pointed at and pried where ever you go, by all the amorous fops that know you, and your fame will be immortal.

Bell. I cou'd find in my heart to resolve not to marry at all.

Dor. Fie, fie, that would spoil a good jest, and disappoint the well-natur'd Town of an occasion of laughing at you.

Bell. The storm I have so long expected, hangs o'er my head, and begins to pour down upon me; I am on the rack, and can have no rest till I'm satisfied in what I fear; where do you dine?

Dor. At *Longs*, or *Lockets*.

20 THE MAN OF MODE, or,

Med. At Longs let it be.

Bell. I'll run and see *Emilia*, and inform my self how matters stand; if my misfortunes are not so great as to make me unfit for company, I'll be with you.

[*Exit Bellair.*]

Enter a Footman with a Letter.

Footm. Here's a Letter, Sir. [To *Dorimant*.]

Dor. The superscription's right; For M. *Dorimant*.

Med. Let's see, the very scrawl and spelling of a true-bred Whore.

Dor. I know the hand, the stile is admirable I assure you.

Med. Prethee read it.

Dor. Reads.

I told a you you dud not love me, if you dud, you wou'd have seen me again e're now; I have no money and am very mallicolly. Pray send me a guynie too see the Operies.

Your Servant to command,

Molly.

Med. Pray let the Whore have a favourable answer, that she may spark it in a box, and do honour to her profession.

Dor. She shall, and perk up i'the face of Quality. Is the coach at the door?

Hand. You did not bid me send for it.

Dor. Eternal Blockhead! Hay tot...

[*Handy offers to go out.*]

Hand. Did you call me, Sir?

Dor. I hope you have no just exception to the name, Sir?

Hand. I have sence, Sir.

Dor. Not so much as a fly in winter.... How did you come, *Medley*?

Hand

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Med. In a chair.

Footm. You may have a hackney coach if you please, Sir
Dor. I may ride the Elephant if I please, Sir? call
another chair, and let my coach follow to Longs.

Be calm ye great Parents, &c. [*Ex. singing*]



A C T I I.

S C E N E I.

Lady Townley and Emilia.

Lady Townley.

I Was afraid, *Emilia*, all had been discover'd.

Emil. I tremble with the apprehension still.

Town. That my brother should take lodgings i'the
very house where you lie!

Emil. 'Twas lucky, we had timely notice to warn
the people to be secret. He seems to be a mighty good
humour'd old man.

Town. He ever had a notable smerking way with him.

Emil. He calls me rogue, tells me he can't abide me,
and does so bepar me...

Town. On my word you are much in his favour then.

Emil. He has been very inquisitive I am told about
my Family, my reputation, and my fortune.

Town. I am confident he does not i'the least suspect
you are the woman his son's in love with.

Emil. What shou'd make him then inform himself
so particularly of me?

Town. He was always of a very loving temper him-
self: it may be he has a deating fit upon him, who
knows?

B 1

Emil.

22 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Emil. It cannot be.

[*Enter Young Bellair.*

Town. Here comes my nephew. Where did you leave your Father?

Y. Bell. Writing a note within. *Emilia*, this early visit looks as if some kind jealousy would not let you rest at home.

Emil. The knowledge I have of my rival, gives me a little cause to fear your constancy.

Y. Bell. My constancy! I vow ...

Emil. Do not vow ... Our love is frail as is our life; and full as little in our power; and are you sure you shall outlive this day?

Y. Bell. I am not: but when we are in perfect health, 'twere an idle thing to fright our selves with the thoughts of sudden death.

Town. Pray what has past between you and your Father i'the garden?

Y. Bell. He's firm in his resolution, tells me I must marry *Mrs. Harriet*, or swears he'll marry himself, and disinherit me. When I saw I could not prevail with him to be more indulgent, I dissembled an Obedience to his will, which has compos'd his passion, and will give us time, &c. I hope opportunity to deceive him.

[*Enter Old Bellair, with a Note in his hand.*

Town. Peace, here he comes.

Old Bell. Harry, take this, and let your man carry it for me to *Mr. Fourbes* chamber, my Lawyer i'the Temple. Neighbour, a dod I am glad to see thee here, [*To Emilia.*] Make much of her, sister, she's one of the best of your acquaintance, I like her countenance and her behaviour well, she has a modesty that is not common i'this Age, a dod, she has.

Town. I know her value, Brother, and esteem her accordingly.

Old Bell. Advise her to wear a little more mirth in her face, a dod she's too serious.

Town. The fault is very excusable in a young Woman.

Old Bell. Nay, a dod I like her ne'er the worse; a melancholy Beauty has her charms: I love a pretty sad-

SR. FOPLING FLUTTER. 23

nels in a face, which varies now and then, like changeable colours, into a smile.

Town. Methinks you speak very feelingly Brother.

Old Bell. I am but five and fifty, sister, you know, an age not altogether unsensible! Cheer up sweet heart; [To Emilia.] I have a secret to tell thee, may chance to make thee merry; we three will make collation together anon. I'the mean time mum; I can't abide you ...

Go! I, can't abide you [Enter Young Bellair.] *Harry,* Come, you must along with me to my Lady Woodvills. I am going to slip the boy at a mistress.

Y. Bell. At a wife, Sir you wou'd say.

Old Bell. You need not look so grum, Sir; a wife is no curse when she brings the blessing of a good estate with her: but an idle town flurt, with a painted face, a rotten reputation, and a crasie fortune, a dod is the devil and all; and such a one I hear you are in league with ...

Y. Bell. I cannot help detraction, Sir.

Old. Bell. Out, a pise o'their breeches, there are keeping fools enough for such flaunting baggages; and they are e'en too good for 'em. Remember night, [To Emilia.] go y'are rogue, y'are a rogue; fare you well; fare you well. Come, come, come, along, Sir.

[Ex. Old and Y. Bellair.

Town. On my word the old man comes on apace; I'll lay my life he's smitten.

Emil. This is nothing but the pleasantness of his humour.

Town. I know him better than you; let it work, it may prove lucky.

Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, Mr. Medley has sent to know whether a visit will not be troublesome this afternoon.

Town. Send him word, his visits never are so.

B 4

Emi-

24 THE MAN OF MODE, or;

Emilia. He's a very pleasant man.

Town. He's a very necessary man among us Women he's not scandalous i'the least, perpetually contriving to bring good company together, and always ready to stop up a gap at ombre; then he knows all the little news i'the Town.

Emilia. I love to hear him talk o'the Intrigues; let 'em be never so dull in themselves, he'll make 'em pleasant i'the relation.

Town. But he improves things so much, one can take no measure of the truth from him. Mr. *Dorimant* swears a flea or a maggot is not made more monstrous by a magnifying glass, than a story is by his telling it.

Enter Medley.

Emilia. Hold, here he comes.

Town. Mr. *Medley*.

Med. Your Servant, Madam.

Town. You have made your self a stranger of late.

Emilia. I believe you took a surfeit of ombre last time you were here.

Med. Indeed I had my belly-full of that tarmagant Lady Dealer; there never was so unfatiable a carder; an old gleeker never lov'd to sit to't like her. I have plaid with her now at least a dozen times, till she's worn out all her fine complexion, and her tour wou'd keep in curl no longer.

Town. Blame her not poor Woman, she loves nothing so well as a black ace.

Med. The pleasure I have seen her in when she has had hope in drawing for a matadore.

Emilia. 'Tis as pretty sport to her, as persuading masks off is to you to make discoveries.

Town. Pray where's your friend, Mr. *Dorimant*?

Med. Solliciting his affairs, he's a man of great employment, has more Mistresses now depending, than the most eminent Lawyer in England has causes.

Emi-

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 25

Emilia. Here has been Mrs. Loveit, so uneasie and out of humour these two days

Town. How strangely Love and Jealousie rage in that poor Woman!

Med. She cou'd not have pick'd out a Devil upon earth so proper to torment her; he has made her break a dozen or two of fans already, tear half a score points in pieces, and destroy hoods and knots without number.

Town. We heard of a pleasant serenade he gave her t'other night.

Med. A Danish serenade with kettle drums, and trumpets.

Emilia. Oh barbarous!

Med. What, you are of the number of the Ladies, whose ears are grown so delicate since our Operas, you can be charm'd with nothing but flute doux, and french hobboys.

Emilia. Leave your raillery, and tell us, is there any new wit come forth, songs, novels?

Med. A very pretty piece of gallantry, by an eminent Author, call'd *The diversions of Bruxells*, very necessary to be read by all old Ladies who are desirous to improve themselves at questions and commands, blind-mans buff, and the like fashionable recreations...

Emilia. Oh ridiculous!

Med. Then there is the art of affectation, written by a late Beauty of quality, teaching you how to draw up your breasts, stretch up your neck, to thrust out your breech, to play with your head, to toss up your nose, to bite your lips, to turn up your eyes, to speak in a silly soft tone of a voice, and use all the foolish french words, that will infallibly make your person and conversation charming; with a short apologic at the latter end, in the behalf of young Ladies, who notoriously wash, and paint, though they have naturally good complexions.

Emilia. What a deal of stuff you tell us?

26 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Med. Such as the Town affords, Madam. The *Russians* hearing the great respect we have for foreign dancing, have lately sent over some of their best ballandins, who are now practising a famous ballet, which will be suddenly danc'd at the *Bear-garden*.

Town. Pray forbear your idle stories, and give us an account of the state of Love, as it now stands.

Med. Truly there has been some revolutions in those affairs, great chopping and changing among the old, and some new Lovers, whom malice, indiscretion, and misfortune, have luckily brought into play.

Town. What think you of walking into the next room, and sitting down, before you engage in this business?

Med. I'll wait upon you, and I hope (though Women are commonly unreasonable) by the plenty of scandal I shall discover, to give you very good content, Ladies,
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Loveit and Pert.

Mrs. Loveit putting up a Letter, then pulling out her pocket glass, and looking in it.

Loveit. Pert.

Pert. Madam.

Loveit. I hate my self, I look so ill to-day.

Pert. Hate the wicked cause on't, that base man Mr. *Dorimant*, who makes you torment and vex your self continually.

Loveit. He is to blame indeed.

Pert. To blame! to be two days without sending, writing, or coming near you, contrary to his oath and covenant! 'Twas to much purpose to make him swear;
I'll

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lay my life there's not an article but he has broken;
 walk'd to the Vizards i'the pit, waited upon the Ladies
 from the boxes to their coaches; gone behind the Scenes,
 and fawn'd upon those little insignificant creatures, the
 Players: 'tis impossible for a man of his in constant tem-
 per to forbear I'm sure.

Loveit. I know he's a Devil, but he has something
 of the Angel yet undetac'd in him, which makes him
 so charming and agreeable, that I must love him be he
 never so wicked.

Pert. I little thought, Madam, too see your spirit
 ramed to this degree, who banish'd poor Mr. *Lackwit*,
 but for taking up another Ladies fan in your presence,

Lov. My knowing of such odious tools, contri-
 butes to the making me love *Dorimant* the better.

Pert. Your knowing of Mr. *Dorimant*, in my mind,
 shou'd rather make you hate all mankind.

Lov. So it does, besides himself.

Pert. Pray, what excuse does he make in his Letter?

Lov. He has had business.

Pert. Business in general terms wou'd not have been
 a currant excuse for another; a modish man is always
 very busie when he's in pursuit of a new Mistress.

Lov. Some Fop has brib'd you to rail at him; he had
 business; I will believe it, and will forgive him.

Pert. You may forgive him any thing; but I shall
 never forgive him his turning me into ridicule, as I hear
 he does.

Lov. I perceive you are of the number of those fools
 his wit has made his enemies.

Pert. I am of the number of those he's pleas'd to
 railly, Madam; and if we may believe M. *Wagfan*, and
 Mr. *Caperwell*, he sometimes makes merry with your
 self too, among his laughing companions.

Lov. Blockheads are as malicious to witty men, as
 ugly women are to the handsome; 'tis their interest,
 and they make it their business to defame 'em.

Pert. I wish Mr. *Dorimant* wou'd not make it his
 business to defame you.

Lov.

28 THE MAN OF MODE, or

Lov. Shou'd he, I had rather be made infamous him, than owe my reputation to the dull discretion of those Fops you talk of. *Bellinda!* [*running to her*]

Enter Belinda.

Bel. My dear.

Lov. You have been unkind of late.

Bel. Do not say unkind, say unhappy!

Lov. I cou'd chide you, where have you been these two days?

Bel. Pity me rather my dear, where I have been tired with two or three country Gentlewomen, whose conversation has been more unsufferable than a country fiddle.

Loveit. Are they relations?

Bel. No, Welch acquaintance I made when I was last year at St. Winefreds. They have asked me a thousand questions of the modes and intrigues of the Town, and I have told 'em almost as many things for news, that hardly were so, when their gowns were in fashion.

Lov. Provoking creatures, how cou'd you endure 'em?

Bel. [*Aside.*] Now to carry on my plot; nothing but Love cou'd make me capable of so much falsehood. 'Tis time to begin, lest *Dorimant* shou'd come before her jealousy has stung her [*Laughs, and then speaks on*]. I was yesterday at a Play with 'em, where I was fair to shew 'em the living, as the Man at *Westminster* does the dead. That is Mrs. such a one, admired for her beauty, this is Mr. such a one, cry'd up for a Wit, that is sparkish Mr. such a one, who keeps reverend Mrs. such a one; and there sits fine Mrs. such a one, who was lately cast off by my Lord such a one.

Lov. Did you see *Dorimant* there?

Bel. I did, and imagine you were there with him, and have no mind to own it.

Lov. What shou'd make you think so?

Bell

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Bel. A Lady mask'd in a pretty deshabbillie, whom *Dorimant* entertain'd, with more respect than the Gallants do a common vizard.

Lov. *Dorimant* at the Play entertaining a Mask! oh heavens!

Bel. Good!

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

Lov. Did he stay all the while?

Bel. 'Till the Play was done, and then led her out; which confirms me it was you.

Lov. Traytor!

Pert. Now you may believe he had business, and you may forgive him too.

Lov. Ingrateful, perjur'd man!

Bel. You seem so much concern'd, my dear, I fear I have told you unawares what I had better have conceal'd for your quiet.

Lov. What manner of shape had she?

Bel. Tall and slender, her motions were very gentle; certainly she must be some person of condition.

Lov. Shame and confusion be ever in her face when she shows it.

Bel. I shou'd blame your discretion for loving that wild man, my dear; but they say he has a way so bewitching, that few can defend their hearts who know him.

Lov. I will tear him from mine, or die i'the attempt.

Bel. Be more moderate.

Lov. Wou'd I had daggers, darts or poison'd arrows in my breast, so I cou'd but remove the thoughts of him from thence.

Bel. Fie, fie, your transports are too violent, my dear; this may be but an accidental gallantry, and 'tis likely ended at her coach.

Pert. Shou'd it proceed farther, let your comfort be, the conduct Mr. *Dorimant* affects, will quickly make you know your rival; ten to one let you see her ruin'd, her reputation expos'd to the Town, a happiness none will envy her but your self, *Madam*.

Lov.

30 THE MAN OF MODE, or;

Love. Who e're she be, all the harm I wish her, is may she love him as well as I do, and may he give her as much cause to hate him.

Pert. Never doubt the latter end of your curse, Madam.

Love. May all the passions that are rais'd by neglecte love, jealousy, indignation, spight and thirst of revenge eternally rage in her soul, as they do now in mine.

[Walks up and down with a distracted air]

Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, Mr. Dorimant...

Loveit. I will not see him.

Page. I told him you were within, Madam.

Loveit. Say you ly'd, say I'm busie, shut the door say any thing.

Page. He's here, Madam.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. They taste of death who do at Heaven arrive
But we this Paradise approach alive.

What, dancing the galloping nag without a fiddle?

[To Loveit
Offers to catch her by the hand, she flings
away and walks on, he pursuing her]

I fear this restlessness of the body, Madam, proceed from an inquietness of the mind. What unlucky accident puts you out of humour? a point-ill-washed knots spoil'd i'the making up, hair shaded awry, or some other little mistake in setting you in order?

Pert. A trifle in my opinion, Sir, more inconsiderable than any you mention.

Dor. Oh Mrs. *Pert*, I never knew you sullen enough to be silent; come, let me know the business.

Pert. The business, Sir, is the business that has taken you up these two days; how have I seen you laugh at men of business, and now to become a man of business your self!

Dor.

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Dor. We are not masters of our own affections; our Inclinations daily alter; now we love pleasure, and anon we shall doat on business. Humane frailty will have it so, and who can help it?

Lov. Faithless, inhumane, barbarous man...

Dor. Good, now the alarm strikes...

Lov. Without sence of Love, of Honour, or of gratitude, Tell me, for I will know, what Devil mask'd she was, you were with at the Play yesterday?

Dor. Faith, I resolv'd as much as you, but the Devil was obstinate, and wou'd not tell me.

Lov. False in this as in your vows to me, you do know!

Dor. The truth is, I did all I cou'd to know.

Lov. And dare you own it to my face? Hell and furies!

[Tears her Fan in pieces.

Dor. Spare your fan, Madam, you are growing hot, and will want it to cool you.

Lov. Horror and distraction seize you, sorrow and remorse gnaw your soul, and punish all your perjuries to me...

[Weeps.

Dor. So Thunder breaks the clouds in twain, And makes a passage for the rain.

[To Belinda.

Belinda, you are the Devil that have rais'd this storm; you were at the Play yesterday, and have been making discoveries to your dear.

Bel. Y'are the most mistaken Man i'the world.

Dor. It must be so, and, here I vow revenge; resolve to pursue, and persecute you more impertinently than ever any loving Fop did his Mistress; hunt you i'the Park, trace you i'the Mall, dog you in every visit you make, haunt you at the Plays, and i'the drawing room, hang my nose in your neck, and talk to you whether you will or no; and ever look upon you with such dying eyes, till your friends grow jealous of me, send you out of Town, and the world suspect your reputation.

[In a lower voice.

At my Lady Townley's when we go from hence.

[He looks kindly on Belinda.

32 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Bel. I'll meet you there.

Dor. Enough.

Lov. Stand off, you sha' not stare upon her so.

[*Pushing Dorimant away*]

Dor. Good! There's one made jealous already.

Lov. Is this the constancy you vow'd?

Dor. Constancy at my years! 'tis not a vertue in season
you might as well expect the fruit the autumn ripens
in the spring.

Lov. Monstrous principle!

Dor. Youth has a long journey to go, Madam, shou'
I have set up my rest at the first Inn I lodg'd at, I shou'
never have arriv'd at the happiness I now enjoy.

Lov. Dissembler, damn'd dissembler!

Dor. I am so, I confess, good nature, and good man-
ners corrupt me. I am honest in my inclinations, and
would not, wer't not to avoid offence, make a Lady
little in years believe I think her young, wilfully mis-
take Art for Nature, and seem as fond of a thing I am
weary of, as when I doated on't in earnest,

Lov. False man.

Dor. True woman.

Lov. Now you begin to show your self!

Dor. Love gilds us over, and makes us show fine
things to one another for a time, but soon the Gold
wears off, and then again the native brass appears.

Lov. Think on your oaths, your vows and protesta-
tions. Perjur'd man!

Dor. I made 'em when I was in love.

Lov. And therefore ought they not to bind? Oh im-
pious!

Dor. What we swear at such a time may be a certain
proof of a present passion; but to say truth, in Love
there is no security to be given for the future.

Lov. Horrid, and ingrateful! Be gone, and never
see me more.

Dor. I am not one of those troublesome coxcombs,
who, because they were once well receiv'd, take the

pr

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 33

priviledge to plague a woman with their Love ever after: I shall obey you, Madam, though I do my self some violence. [*He offers to go, & Loveit pulls him back,*

Lov. Come back, you sha' not go. Cou'd you have the ill-nature to offer it?

Dor. When Love grows diseas'd, the best thing we can do is to put it to a violent death; I cannot endure the torture of a lingring and consumptive passion.

Lov. Can you think mine sickly?

Dor. Oh! 'tis desperately ill! what worse symptoms are there, than your being always uneasie when I visit you, your picking quarrels with me on slight occasions; and in my absence kindly listning to the impertinences of every fashionable fool that talks to you?

Lov. What fashionable fool can you lay to my charge?

Dor. Why the very Cock-fool of all those Fools, Sir
Fopling Flutter.

Lov. I never saw him in my life, but once.

Dor. The worse woman you, at first sight to put on all your charms, to entertain him with that softness in your voice, and all that wanton kindness in your eyes, you so notoriously affect, when you design a conquest.

Lov. So damn'd a lie did never malice yet invent. Who told you this?

Dor. No matter. That ever I shou'd love a Woman that can doat on a senseless caper, a tawdry french riband, and a formal cravat!

Lov. You make me mad.

Dor. A guilty conscience may do much. Go on, be the game mistress o'the Town, and enter all our young Fops, as fast as they come from travel.

Lov. Base and scurrilous!

Dor. A fine mortifying reputation 'twill be for a woman of your pride, wit, and quality!

Lov. This jealousy's a meer pretence, a cursed trick of your own devising; I know you.

Dor. Believe it and all the ill of me you can: I wou'd not have a Woman have the least good thought of me,
C
that

34 THE MAN OF MODE, or;

that can think well of *Fopling*. Farewel, fall to, and much good may do you with your cockcomb.

Lov. Stay, oh stay, and I will tell you all.

Dor. I have been told too much already.

[*Ex. Dorimant.*]

Lov. Call him again.

Pert. E'en let him go, a fair riddance.

Lov. Run I say, call him again, I will have him call'd

Pert. The Devil shou'd carry him away first, were it my concern. [*Ex. Pert.*]

Bel. H'as frighted me from the very thoughts of loving men; for Heav'n's sake my dear, do not discover what I told you; I dread his tongue as much as you ought to have done his friendship.

Enter Pert.

Pert. He's gone, Madam.

Lov. Lightning blast him.

Pert. When I told him you desired him to come back, he smil'd, made a mouh at me, flung into his coach, and said...

Lov. What did he say?

Pert. Drive away, and then repeated verses.

Lov. Wou'd I had made a contract to be a witch when first I entertain'd this greater Devil, monster, Barbarian. I could tear my self in pieces. Revenge, nothing but revenge can ease me; Plague, War, famine, fire, all that can bring universal ruin and misery on mankind, with joy I'd perish to have you in my power but this moment. [*Ex. Lovett.*]

Pert. Follow Madam, leave her not in this outrageous passion. [*Pert gathers up the things.*]

Bel. H'as given me the proof which I desired of his Love; but 'tis a proof of his ill-nature too. I wish I had not seen him use her so; I sigh to think that *Dorimant* may be one day as faithless, and unkind to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

A C T I I I.

SCENE *Lady Woodvils Lodgings.*

Enter Harriet, and Busy her Woman.

BUSY.

DEAR Madam let me set that curl in order.

Har. Let me alone, I will shake 'em all out of order.

Busy. Will you never leave this wildness?

Har. Torment me not.

Busy. Look! there's a knot falling off.

Har. Let it drop.

Busy. But one pin, dear Madam.

Har. How do I dayly suffer under thy officious fingers?

Busy. Ah the difference that is between you and my Lady Dapper! How uneasy she is if the least thing be amiss about her!

Har. She is indeed most exact! nothing is ever wanting to make her ugliness remarkable!

Busy. Jeering people say so!

Har. Her powdering, painting, and her patching never fail in publick to draw the tongues and eyes of all the men upon her.

Busy. She is indeed a little too pretending.

Har. That Women should set up for beauty as much in spite of nature, as some men have done for wit!

Busy. I hope without offence, one may endeavour to make ones self agreeable.

Har. Not, when 'tis impossible. Women then ought to be no more fond of dressing, than Fools should be of talking. Hoods and modesty, masques and silence,

36 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

things that shadow and conceal; they should think of nothing else.

Busy. Jesu! Madam, what will your mother think become of you? For Heav'ns sake go in again.

Har. I won't!

Busy. This is the extravagant'st thing that ever you did in your life, to leave her and the Gentleman who is to be your Husband.

Har. My Husband! hast thou so little wit to think I spoke what I meant when I over-joy'd her in the country, with a low court'sy, and what you please, Madam, I shall ever be obedient?

Busy. Nay, I know not, you have so many fetches.

Har. And this was one, to get her up to London; nothing else I assure thee.

Busy. Well, the man, in my mind, is a fine man.

Har. The man indeed wears his cloaths fashionably, and has a pretty negligent way with him, very Courty, and much affected; he bows, and talks, and smiles agreeably as he thinks.

Busy. I never saw any thing so gentile!

Har. Varnish'd over with good breeding, many a blockhead makes a tolerable show.

Busy. I wonder you do not like him.

Har. I think I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reasonable Woman should expect in a husband. But there is duty i'the case... and like the haughty *Merab*, I find much aversion in my stubborn mind, Which is bred by being promis'd and design'd.

Busy. I wish you do not design your own ruin! I partly guess your inclinations, Madam... that Mr *Dorimant*...

Har. Leave your prating, and sing some foolish Song or other.

Busy. I will, the Song you love so well ever since you saw Mr. *Dorimant*.

S O N G

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S O N G.

When first Amintas charm'd my heart,
My heedless Sheep began to stray;
The Wolves soon stole the greatest part,
And all will now be made a prey.

Ah, let not Love your thoughts possess,
'Tis fatal to a Shepherdess;
The dang'rous passion you must shun,
Or else like me, be quite undone.

Har. Shall I be paid down by a covetous parent for
a purchase? I need no land; no I'll lay my self out all
in love. It is decreed...

Enter Y. Bellair.

Y. Bell. What generous resolution are you making,
Madam?

Har. Only to be disobedient, Sir.

Y. Bell. Let me join hands with you in that...

Har. With all my heart, I never thought I should
have given you mine so willingly. Here I Harriet...

Y. Bell. And I Harry...

Har. Do solemnly protest...

Y. Bell. And vow...

Har. That I with you...

Y. Bell. And I with you...

Both. Will never marry...

Har. A match!

Y. Bell. And no match! How do you like this in-
difference now?

Har. You expect I should take it ill I see!

Y. Bell. 'Tis not unnatural for you Women to be a

38 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

little angry, you miss a conquest, though you would slight the poor man were he in your power.

Har. There are some it may be have an eye like *Bartolomew*, big enough for the whole fair, but I am not of the number; and you may keep your ginger-bread, 'twill be more acceptable to the Lady, whose dear image it wears, Sir.

Y. Bell. I must confess, Madam, you came a day after the fair.

Har. You own then you are in love...

Y. Bell. I do.

Har. The confidence is generous, and in return I could almost find in my heart to let you know my inclinations.

Y. Bell. Are you in love?

Har. Yes, with this dear Town, to that degree, I can scarce endure the Country in landscapes and in hangings.

Y. Bell. What a dreadful thing 'twould be to be hurried back to *Hampshire*!

Har. Ah... name it not!...

Y. Bell. As for us, I find we shall agree well enough. Would we could do something to deceive the grave people!

Har. Could we delay their quick proceeding, 'twere well: a reprieve is a good step towards the getting of a Pardon.

Y. Bell. If we give over the game, we are undone: what think you of playing it on booty?

Har. What do you mean?

Y. Bell. Pretend to be in love with one another: 'twill make some dilatory excuses, we may feign, pass the better.

Har. Let us do't, if it but for the dear pleasure of dissembling.

Y. Bell. Can you play your part?

Har. I know not what it is to love, but I have made pretty remarks by being now and then where Lovers meet. Where did you leave their gravities?

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 39

Y. Bell. I'th' next room! your Mother was censuring our modern gallants.

Enter Old Bellair, and Lady Woodvil.

Har. Peace! Here they come; I will lean against this wall, and look bashfully down upon my Fan, while you, like an amorous Spark, modestly entertain me.

L. Wood. Never go about to excuse 'em; come, come, it was not so when I was a young Woman.

O. Bell. A dod, they're something disrespectful...

L. Wood. Quality was then consider'd, and not railly'd by every fleering Fellow.

O. Bell. Youth will have its jest, a dod it will.

L. Wood. 'Tis good breeding now to be civil to none but Players, and Exchange Women, they are treated by 'em as much above their condition, as others are below theirs.

O. Bell. Out, a pife on 'em, talk no more, the Rogues ha' got an ill habit of preferring beauty; no matter where they find it.

L. Wood. See your son, and my daughter, they have improv'd their acquaintance since they were within.

O. Bell. A dod methinks they have! Let's keep back, and observe.

Y. Bell. Now for a look and gestures that may persuade 'em I'm saying all the passionate things imaginable...

Har. Your head a little more on one side, ease your self on your left leg, and play with your right hand.

Y. Bell. Thus, is it not?

Har. Now set your right leg firm on the ground, adjust your belt, then look about you.

Y. Bell. A little exercising will make me perfect.

Har. Smile, and turn to me again very sparkish!

Y. Bell. Will you take your turn, and be instructed?

Har. With all my heart.

40 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Y. Bell. At one motion play your fan, roul your eyes, and then settle a kind look upon me.

Har. So.

Y. Bell. Now spread your fan, look down upon it, and tell the sticks with a finger.

Har. Very inodish.

Y. Bell. Clap your hand up to your bosom, hold down your Gown; shrug a little, draw up your breasts, and let 'em fall again, gently, with a sigh or two, &c.

Har. By the good instructions you give, I suspect you for one of those malicious observers, who watch peoples eyes, and from innocent looks, make scandalous conclusions.

Y. Bell. I know some indeed, who out of meer love to mischief, are as vigilant as jealousy it self, and will give you an account of every glance that passes at a Play, and i'th' Circle.

Har. 'Twill not be amiss now to seem a little pleasant.

Y. Bell. Clap your fan then in both your hands, snatch it to your mouth, smile, and with a lively motion fling your body a little forwards. So...now spread it; fall back on the sudden, cover your face with it, and break out into a loud laughter...take up! look grave, and fall a fanning of your self...admirably well acted.

Har. I think I am pretty apt at these matters!

O. Bell. A dod, I like this well.

L. Wood. This promises something.

O. Bell. Come! there is love i'th' case, a dod there is, or will be; what say you, young Lady?

Har. All in good time, Sir; you expected we should fall to, and love as game-cocks fight, as soon as we are set together; a dod; y'are unreasonable!

O. Bell. A dod, firrah, I like thy wit well.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. The coach is at the door, Madam.

O. Bell.

SR. FOPLING FLUTTER. 41

O. Bell. Go, get you and take the air together.

L. Wood. Will not you go with us?

O. Bell. Out, a pize; A dod I ha' business, and cannot.
We shall meet at night at my sister Townleys.

Y. Bell. He's going to Emilia. [*Aside.*] I overheard
him talk of a collation. [Exeunt

SCENE II.

Enter L. Townley, Emilia, and Mr.
Medley.

L. TOWNLEY.

I Pity the young Lovers, we last talk'd of, though
to say truth, their conduct has been so indiscreet, they
deserve to be unfortunate.

Med. Y'ave had an exact account, from the great
Lady i'rh' box, down to the little Orange-wench.

Emil. Y'are a living Libel, a breathing Lampoon; I
wonder you are not torn in pieces.

Med. What think you of setting up an Office of in-
telligence for these matters? the project may get money.

L. Town. You would have great dealings with country
Ladies.

Med. More than Muddiman has with their husbands.

Enter Bellinda.

L. Town. Bellinda, what has been become of you
we have not seen you here of late with your friend
Mrs. Loveit.

Bell. Dear creature, I left her but now, so sadly
afflicted.

L. Town. With her old distemper, jealousy?

Med. Dorimant has plaid her some new prank.

Bell. Well that Dorimant is certainly the worst man
breathing. Emil.

4c THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Emil. I once thought so.

Bell. And do you not think so still?

Emil. No, indeed!

Bell. Oh Jesu!

Emil. The Town does him a great deal of injury, and I will never believe what it says of a man I do not know, again for his sake.

Bell. You make me wonder!

L. Town. He's a very well-bred man.

Bell. But strangely ill-natur'd.

Emil. Then he's a very witty man.

Bell. But a man of no principles.

Med. Your man of principles is a very fine thing indeed.

Bell. To be prefer'd to men of parts by Women who have regard to their reputation and quiet. Well were I minded to play the fool, he shou'd be the last man I think of.

Med. He has been the first in many Ladies favours though you are so severe, Madam.

L. Town. What he may be for a Lover I know not, but he's a very pleasant acquaintance I am sure.

Bell. Had you seen him use Mrs. Loveit as I have done, you wou'd never endure him more...

Emil. What, he has quarrel'd with her again!

Bell. Upon the slightest occasion; he's jealous of Sir Fopling.

L. Town. She never saw him in her life but yesterday, and that was here.

Emil. On my conscience! he's the only man in Town that's her aversion: how horribly out of humour she was all the while he talk'd to her!

Bell. And some body has wickedly told him...

Emil. Here he comes.

Enter Dorimant.

Med. Dorimant! you are luckily come to justify yourself... here's a Lady...

Bell.

73
Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 43

Bell. Has a word or two to say to you from a disconsolate person.

Dor. You tender your reputation too much I know, Madam, to whisper with me before this good company.

Bell. To serve Mrs. Loveit, I'll make a bold venture.

Dor. Here's Medley, the very spirit of scandal.

Bell. No matter!

Emil. 'Tis something your are unwilling to hear Mr Dorimant.

L. Town. Tell him, Bellinda, whether he will or no!

Bell. Mrs. Loveit... [aloud.

Dor. Softly; these are laughers, you do not know 'em.

Bell. In a word y'ave made me hate you, which I thought you never could have done. [To Dor. apart.

Dor. In obeying your commands.

Bell. 'Twas a cruel part you play'd! how cou'd you act it?

Dor. Nothing is cruel to a man who could kill himself to please you. Remember five a - clock to morrow morning.

Bell. I tremble when you name it.

Dor. Be sure you come.

Bell. I sha' not.

Dor. Swear you will!

Bell. I dare not.

Dor. Swear I say.

Bell. By my life, by all the happiness I hope for...

Dor. You will.

Bell. I will.

Dor. Kind.

Bell. I am glad I've sworn, I vow I think I should ha' fail'd you else.

Dor. Surprisingly kind! In what temper did you leave Loveit?

Bell. Her raving was prettily over, and she began to be in a brave way of defying you, and all your works. Where have you been since you went from thence?

Dor.

14 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Dor. I look'd in at the Play.

Bell. I have promis'd and must return to her agen.

Dor. Persuade her to walk in the Mall this evening

Bell. She hates the place and will not come.

Dor. Do all you can to prevail with her.

Bell. For what purpose?

Dor. Sir *Fopling* will be here anon; I'll prepare him to set upon her there before me.

Bell. You persecute her too much, but I'll do all you ha' me.

Dor. Tell her plainly, 'tis grow so dull a business, I can drudge on no longer. [aloud

Emil. There are afflictions in Love, Mr. *Dorimant*.

Dor. You Women make 'em, who are commonly as unreasonable in that as you are at Play; without the advantage be on your side, a man can never quietly give over when he's weary.

Med. If you would play without being obliged to complaisance, *Dorimant*, you should play in publick places.

Dor. Ordinairies were a very good thing for that; but Gentlemen do not of late frequent 'em: the deep play is now in private houses.

[*Bellinda* offering to steal away.

L. Town. *Bellinda*, are you leaving us so soon?

Bell. I am to go to the Park with Mrs. *Loveit*, Madam... [*Ex. Bellinda*

L. Town. This confidence will go nigh to spoil this young Creature.

Med. 'Twill do her good, Madam; Young men who are brought up under practising Lawyers, prove the abler Council, when they come to be call'd to the Bar themselves.

Dor. The Town has been very favourable to you this afternoon, my Lady *Townley*, you use to have an ambaras of chairs and coaches at your door, an uproar of footmen in your hall, and a noise of fools above here.

L. Town. Indeed my house is the general rendezvous, and

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 45

and next to the Play-house is the common refuge of all the young idle people.

Emil. Company is a very good thing, Madam, but I wonder you do not love it a little more chosen.

L. Town. 'Tis good to have an universal taste; we should love wit, but for variety, be able to divert our selves with the extravagancies of those who want it.

Med. Fools will make you laugh.

Emil. For once or twice; but the repetition of their folly after a visit or two grows tedious and unsufferable.

L. Town. You are a little too delicate, *Emilia*.

Enter a Page.

Page. Sir *Fopling Flutter*, Madam, desires to know if you are to be seen.

L. Town. Here's the freshest fool in Town, and one who has not cloy'd you yet. *Page!*

Pag Madam!

L. Town. Desire him to wa'k up.

Dor. Do not you fall on him, *Medley*, and snub him. Sooth him up in his extravagance! he will shew the berter.

Med. You know I have a natural indulgence for Fools and need not this caution, Sir!

Enter Sir Fopling Flutter, with his Page after him.

Sr. Fop. Page! Wait without. Madam, [*To L. Town.*] I kiss your hands, I see yesterday was nothing of chance, the *belles assemblées* form themselves here every day. Lady, your servant; [*To Emilia.*] *Dorimant*, let me embrace thee; without lying I have not met with any of my acquaintance, who retain so much of *Paris* as thou dost; the very air thou hadst when the Marquise mistook thee at the *Tuilleries*, and cry'd hey Chevalier, and then begg'd thy pardon.

Dor.

46 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Dor. I would fain wear in fashion as long as I can, Sir, 'tis a thing to be valu'd in men as well as bawbles.

Sr. Fop. Thou art a man of wit, and understand'st the Town: prithee let thee and I be intimate; there is no living without making some good man the confidant of our pleasures.

Dor. 'Tis true; but there is no man so improper for such a business as I am.

Sr. Fop. Prithee! why hast thou so modest an opinion of thy self?

Dor. Why first, I cou'd never keep a secret in my life; and then there is no charin so infallibly makes me fall in love with a Woman as my knowing a friend loves her. I deal honestly with you.

Sr. Fop. Thy humour's very gallant; or let me perish I knew a French Count so like thee.

T. Town. Wilt I perceive has more power over you than beauty, Sir *Fopling*, else you would not have let this Lady stand so long neglected.

Sr. Fop. A thousand pardons, Madam, [*To Emilia*.] some civilitie's due of course upon the meeting a long absent friend. The eclat of so much beauty I confess ought to have charm'd me sooner.

Emil. The brilliancy of so much good language, Sir, has much more power than the little beauty I can boast.

Sr. Fop. I never saw any thing prettier than this high work on your point d'Espagne...

Emil. 'Tis not so rich as point de Venise...

Sr. Fop. Not altogether, but looks cooler, and is more proper for the season. *Dorimant*, is not that *Medley*?

Dor. The same, Sir.

Sr. Fop. Forgive me, Sir, in this ambaras of civilities, I could not come to have you in my arms sooner. You understand an equipage the best of any man in Town, I hear.

Med. By my own you would not guess it.

Sr. Fop. There are Criticks who do not write, Sir.

Med.

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Med. Our peevish Poets will scarce allow it.

Sr. Fop. Dam 'em, they'll allow no man wit, who does not play the fool like themselves and show it. Have you taken notice of the Callesh I brought over?

Med. O yes! 't has quite another air, than th'English takes.

Sr. Fop. 'Tis as easily known from an English Tum-til, as an Inns of Court-man is from one of us.

Dor. Truly there is a bel-air in calashes as well as men.

Med. But there are few so delicate to observe it.

Sr. Fop. The world is generally very grossier here indeed.

L. Town. He's very fine.

Emil. Extream proper.

Sr. Fop. A slight suit I made to appear in at my first rival, not worthy your consideration, Ladies.

Dor. The pantaloons are very well mounted.

Sr. Fop. The tassels are new and pretty.

Med. I never saw a coat better cut.

Sr. Fop. It makes me show long-waisted, and I think under.

Dor. That's the shape our Ladies doat on.

Med. Your breech though is a handful too high in my eye, Sir *Fopling*.

Sr. Fop. Peace, *Medley*, I have wisht it lower a thousand times, but a pox on't, 'twill not be.

L. Town. His gloves are well string'd, large and graceful.

Sr. Fop. I was always eminent for being bien ganté.

Emil. He wears nothing but what are originals of the most famous hands in *Paris*.

Sr. Fop. You are in the right, Madam.

L. Town. The suit?

Sr. Fop. Barróy.

Emil. The garniture?

Sr. Fop. Le Gras...

Med. The Shoes?

Sr. Fop. *Piecar*.

48 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Dor. The perriwig?

Sr. Fop. Chedreux.

Tawn. and *Emil.* The gloves?

Sr. Fop. Orangerie! You know the smell, Ladies
Dorimant, I could find in my heart for an amusement
to have a gallantry with some of our English Ladies.

Dor. 'Tis a thing no less necessary to confirm the repu-
tation of your wit, than a duel will be to satisfy the
Town of your courage.

Sr. Fop. Here was a Woman yesterday...

Dor. Mistress Loveit.

Sr. Fop. You have nam'd her!

Dor. You cannot pitch on a better for your purpose.

Sr. Fop. Prithee! what is she?

Dor. A person of quality, and one who has a rest of
reputation enough to make the conquest considerable
besides, I hear, she likes you too

Sr. Fop. Methoughts she seem'd though very reserv'd
and uneasie all the time I entertain'd her.

Dor. Grimace and affectation you will see her it
mall to-night.

Sr. Fop. Prithee, let thee and I take the air together.

Dor. I am engag'd to *Medley*, but I'll meet you at
Saint James's, and give you some information, upon
the which you may regulate your proceedings.

Sr. Fop. All the world will be in the Park to-night
Ladies, 'twere pity to keep so much beauty longer within
doors, and rob the ring of all those charms that should
adorn it.... Hey Page.

Enter Page, and goes out again.

See that all my people be ready. *Dorimant* à revoilà

Med. A fine mett'd coxcomb.

Dor. Brisk and insipid...

Med. Pert and dull.

Emil. However you despise him, Gentlemen, I'll lay
my life he passes for a wit with many.

Dor.

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 49

Dor. That may very well be : Nature hath her cheats, flums a brain, and puts sophistificate dulness often on the tasteless multitude for true wit and good humour. *Medley*, come.

Med. I must go a little way, I will meet you i'the mail.

Dor. I'll walk through the garden thither, we shall meet anon and bow. [To the Women.

L. Town. Not to-night ! we are engag'd about a business, the knowledge of which may make you laugh hereafter.

Med. Your servant, Ladies.

Dor. A revoir, as Sir *Fopling* says... [Ex. *Med.* & *Dor.*

L. Town. The old Man will be here immediately.

Emil. Let's expect him i'th' garden...

L. Town. Go, you are a rogue.

Emil. I can't abide you. [Exeunt;

SCENE III.

The Mail.

Enter Harriët, Y. Bellair, she pulling him.

HARRIET.

Come along.

Y. Bell. And leave your mother.

Har. *Busse* will be sent with a hue and cry after us; but that's no matter.

Y. Bell. 'Twill look strangely in me.

Har. She'll believe it a freak of mine, and never blame your manners.

Y. Bell. What reverend acquaintance is that she has met?

Har. A fellow Beauty of the last Kings time, though by the ruins you would hardly guess it. [Exeunt.

[Enter *Dorimant* and crosses the stage.

D

Enter

Enter Y. Bellair and Harriet.

Y. Bell. By this time your Mother is in a fine taking.

Har. If your Friend Mr. *Dorimant* were but here now, that she might find me talking with him.

Y. Bell. She does not know him, but dreads him, I hear, of all mankind.

Har. She concludes if he does but speak to a Woman she's undone, is on her knees every day to pray Heaven defend me from him.

Y. Bell. You do not apprehend him so much as she does.

Har. I never saw any thing in him that was frightful.

Y. Bell. On the contrary, have you not observed something extream delightfull in his Wit and person?

Har. He's agreeable and pleasant I must own; but he does so much affect being so, he displeases me.

Y. Bell. Lord, Madam, all he does and says, is so easie, and so natural.

Har. Some mens verses seem so to the unskilful, but labour i'the one, and affectation i'the other to the judicious plainly appear.

Y. Bell. I never heard him accus'd of affectation before.

Enter Dorimant and stares upon her.

Har. It passes on the easie Town, who are favourably pleas'd in him to call't humour.

[*Ex. Y. Bellair and Harriet.*]

Dor. 'Tis she! it must be she, that lovely hair, that easie shape, those wanton eyes, and all those melting charms about her mouth, which *Medley* spoke of; I'll follow the Lottery, and put in for a Prize with my friend *Bellair*.

[*Ex. Dor repeating*]

In love the Victors from the vanquish'd fly;

They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

Enter

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 51

Enter Y. Bellair, and Harriet, and after them Dorimant
standing at a distance.

Y. Bell. Most people prefer *high Park* to this place.

Har. It has the better reputation I confess: but I abominate the dull diversions there, the formal bows, the affected smiles; the silly by-words, and amorous sneers, in passing; here one meets with a little conversation now and then.

Y. Bell. These conversations have been fatal to some of your sex, Madam.

Har. It may be so because some who want temper have been undone by gaming, must others who have wholly deny themselves the pleasure of play?

Dor. Trust me, it were unreasonable, Madam.

[*Coming up gently, and bowing to her.*

Har. Lord! who's this? [*She starts and looks grave.*

Y. Bell. Dorimant.

Dor. Is this the woman your Father would have you marry!

Y. Bell. It is.

Dor. Her name?

Y. Bell. Harriët.

Dor. I am not mistaken, she's handsome.

Y. Bell. Talk to her, her wit is better than her face; we were wishing for you but now.

Dor. Overcast with seriousness o'the sudden! [*To Harriët.*] A thousand smiles were shining in that face but now; I never saw so quick a change of weather.

Har. I feel as great a change within; [*Aside.*] He shall never know it.

Dor. You were talking of play, Madam, pray what may be your stint?

Har. A little harmless discourse in publick walks, or most an appointment in a box bare fac'd at the Play-house

52 THE MAN OF MODE, or;

house; you are for masks, and private meetings, where women engag'd for all they are worth I hear.

Dor. I have been us'd to deep play, but I can make one at small game, when I like my gamester well.

Har. And be so unconcern'd you'll ha' no pleasure in't.

Dor. Where there is a considerable sum to be won, the hope of drawing people in, makes every trifle considerable.

Har. The fordidness of mens natures I know make 'em willing to flatter and comply with the rich, though they are sure never to be the better for 'em.

Dor. 'Tis in their power to do us good, and we despair not but at some time or other they may be willing.

Har. To men who have far'd in this Town like you 'twould be a great mortification to live on hope. Could you keep a lent for a Mistress?

Dor. In expectation of a happy Easter; and though time be very precious, think forty days well lost, to gain your favour.

Har. Mr. Bellair, let let us walk; 'tis time to leave him: men grow dull when they begin to be particular.

Dor. Y'are mistaken, flattery will not ensue, though I know y'are greedy of the praises of the whole male.

Har. You do me wrong.

Dor. I do not; as I follow'd you, I observ'd how you were pleas'd when the *Fops* cry'd she's handsome, very handsome, by God she is, and whisper'd aloud your name; the thousand several forms you put your face into then to make your self more agreeable how wantonly you play'd with your head, flung back your locks, and look'd smilingly over your shoulder at 'em.

Har. I do not go begging the mens as you do the Ladies good liking with a sly softness in your looks, and a gentle slowness in your bows, as you pass by 'em... as thou Sir... [*Acts him.*] Is not this like you?

Enter

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 53

Enter Lady Woodvil and Busy.

Y. Bell. Your mother, Madam.

[*Pulls Har. She composes her self*

L. Wood. Ah my dear child *Harriet*.

Busy. Now is she so pleas'd with finding her agen,
she cannot chide her.

L. Wood. Come away!

Dor. 'Tis now but high mail, Madam, the most
entertaining time of all the evening.

Har. I would fain see that *Dorimant*, mother, you
so cry out of, for a monster, he's in the *Mail* I hear.

L. Wood. Come away then! the plague is here, and
you should dread the infection.

Y. Bell. You may be misinform'd of the Gentleman.

L. Wood. Oh no! I hope you do not know him. He
is the Prince of all the Devils in the Town, delights in
nothing but in rapes and riots.

Dor. If you did but hear him speak, Madam.

L. Wood. Oh! he has a tongue they say would tempt
the Angels to a second fall.

*Enter Sir Fopling with his equipage, six foot-men, and
a Page.*

Sr. Fop. Hey, Champagne, Norman, La Rose, La
Fleur, La Tour, La Verdure. *Dorimant*.

L. Wood. Here, here he is among this rout, he names
him; come away *Harriet*, come away.

[*Ex. L. Wood. Har Busy and Y. Bell.*

Dor. This fools coming has spoil'd all; she's gone,
but she has left a pleasing image of her self behind that
wanders in my soul... It must not settle there.

Sr. Fop. What reverie is this? speak man.

Dor. Snatch'd from my self how far behind
Already I behold the shore!

D 3

Enter

Enter Medley.

Med. Dorimant, a discovery! I met with Bellair.

Dor. You can tell me no news, Sir I know all.

Med. How do you like the daughter?

Dor. You never came so near truth in your life, you did in her description.

Med. What think you of the Mother?

Dor. What ever I think of her, she thinks very well of me, I find.

Med. Did she know you?

Dor. She did not; whether she does now or no, I know not. Here was a pleasant Scene towards, when I came Sir *Fopling*, mustering up his equipage, and at the latter end nam'd me, and frighted her away.

Med. *Loveit* and *Bellinda* are not far off, I saw 'em alight at St. James's.

Dor. Sr. *Fopling*, hark you, a word or two, [*Whisper*] look you do not want assurance.

Sr. Fop. I never do on these occasions.

Dor. Walk on, we must not be seen together, make your advantage of what I have told you, the next time you will meet the Lady.

Sr. Fop. Hey... Follow me all.

[*Ex. Sr. Fop. & his equipage*]

Dor. *Medley*, you shall see good sport anon between *Loveit* and this *Fopling*.

Med. I thought there was something toward by the whisper.

Dor. You know a worthy principle of hers?

Med. Not to be so much as civil to a man who speaks to her in the presence of him she professes to love.

Dor. I have encourag'd *Fopling* to talk to her to-night.

Med. Now you are here, she will go nigh to beat him.

Dor. In the humour she's in, her love will make her do some very extravagant thing, doubtless.

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 55

Med. What was *Bellinda's* business with you at my Lady Townleys?

Dor. To get me to meet *Loveit* here in order to an eclercisment; I made some difficulty of it, and have prepar'd this rancounter to make good my jealousy.

Med. Here they come!

Enter Lov. Bellinda and Pert.

Dor. I'll meet her and provoke her with a deal of dumb civility in passing by, then turn short and be behind her when Sir *Fopling* sets upon her...

See how unregarded now

That piece of beauty passes... [*Ex. Dor. and Med.*

Bell. How wonderful respectfully he bow'd!

Pert. He's always over-mannerly when he has done a mischief.

Bell. Methoughts indeed at the same time he had a strange despising countenance.

Pert. The unlucky look he thinks becomes him.

Bell. I was afraid you would have spoke to him, my dear.

Lov. I would have di'd first; he shall no more find me the loving fool he has done.

Bell. You love him still?

Lov. No.

Pert. I wish you did not.

Lov. I do not, and I will have you think so: What made you hale me to this odious place, *Bellinda*?

Bell. I hate to be hulch'd up in a coach; walking is much better.

Lov. Would we could meet Sir *Fopling* now.

Bell. Lord! would you not avoid him?

Lov. I would make him all the advances that may be.

Bell. That would confirm *Dorimant's* suspicion, my dear.

Lov. He is not jealous; but I will make him so, and be reveng'd a way he little thinks on.

56 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Bell. aside. If she should make him jealous, that may make him fond of her again: I must dissuade her from it. Lord! my dear, this will certainly make him hate you.

Lov. 'Twill make him uneasy though he does not care for me; I know the effects of jealousy on men of his proud temper.

Bell. 'Tis a fantastick remedy, its operations are dangerous and uncertain.

Lov. 'Tis the strongest cordial we can give dying Love, it often brings it back when ther's no sign of life remaining. But I design not so much the reviving his, as my revenge.

Enter Sir Fopling and his Equipage.

Sir Fop. Hey! bid the coach-man send home four of his horses, and bring the coach to *White-Hall*: I'll walk over the park... Madam, the honour of kissing your fair hands is a happiness I miss'd this afternoon at my Lady *Townleys*!

Lov. You were very obliging, *Sir Fopling*, the last time I saw you there.

Sir Fop. The preference was due to your wit & beauty Madam, your Servant, there never was so sweet an evening.

Bell. 'T has drawn all the rabble of the Town hither.

Sir Fop. 'Tis pity ther's not an order made, that none but the beau monde should walk here.

Lov. 'Twould add much to the beauty of the place: see what a sort of nasty fellows are coming.

Enter four ill fashion'd fellows, singing.

'Tis not for kisses alone, &c.

Lov. Fo! their perriwigs are scented with tobacco so strong... Sir

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 57

Sir Fop. It overcomes our pulvilio... Methinks I smell the coffee house they come from.

1 Man. *Dorimants* convenient, Madam *Loveit*,

2 Man. I like the oylie... Buttock with her.

3 Man. What spruce prig is that?

1 Man. A caravan, lately come from *Paris*.

2 Man. Peace, they smoak.

There's something else to be done, &c.

[*All of them coughing.*

[*Ex. singing*

Enter Dorimant and Medley.

Dor. They're ingag'd...

Med. She entertains him as if she lik'd him.

Dor. Let us go forward... seem earnest in discourse and shew our selves. Then you shall see how she'll use him!

Bell. Yonder's *Dorimant*, My dear.

Lov. I see him, he comes insulting; but I will disappoint him in his expectation. [*Aside.*

To Sir Fopling. I like this pretty nice humour of yours, Sir Fopling: With what a loathing eye he look'd upon those fellows!

Sir Fop. I sat near one of 'em at a Play to-day, and was almost poison'd with a pair of cordivant gloves he wears...

Lov. Oh! filthy cordivant, how I hate the smell!

[*Laughs in a loud affected way.*

Sir Fop. Did you observe, Madam, how their cravats hung loose an inch from their neck, and what a frightful air it gave 'em?

Lov. Oh, I took particular notice of one that is alwaies spruc'd up with a deal of dirty sky colour'd ribband.

Bell. That's one of the walking flajolets, who haunt the mail o'nights...

Lov. Oh! I remember him! H'has a hollow tooth, enough to spoil the sweetness of an evening.

58 THE MAN OF MODE, 17;

Sir Fop. I have seen the tallest walk the streets, with a dainty pair of boxes, neatly buck'd on.

Lov. And a little Footboy at his heels, pocket high, with a flat-cap... a dirty face.

Sir Fop. And a snotty nose...

Lov. Oh... odious, there's many of my own sex with that *Holborn* equipage trigg to *Greys Inn-Walks*; and now and then travel hither on a Sunday.

Med. She takes no notice of you.

Dor. Damn her! I am jealous of a counter plot!

Lov. Your liveries are the finest, Sir *Fopling*... Oh that Page! that Page is the prettily'st drest... They are all Frenchmen.

Sir Fop. There's one damn'd English blockhead among 'em, you may know him by his mine.

Lov. Oh! that's he, that's he, what do you call him?

Sir Fop. Hey... I know not what to call him...

Lov. What's your name?

Footm. *John Trott*, Madam!

Sir Fop. O unsufferable! *Trott*, *Trott*, *Trott*! there's nothing so barbarous as the names of our English Servants. What Countryman are you, Sirrah?

Footm. *Hampshire*, Sir.

Sir Fop. Then, *Hampshire* be your name. Hey, *Hampshire*!

Lov. O That sound, that sound becomes the mouth of a man of quality!

Med. *Dorimant*, you look a little bashful on the matter!

Dor. She dissembles better than I thought she could have done.

Med. You have tempted her with too luscious a bait: she bites at the coxcomb.

Dor. She cannot fall from loving me to that?

Med. You begin to be jealous in earnest.

Dor. Of one I do not love...

Med. You did love her.

Dor. The fit has long been over...

Med

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Med. But I have known men fall into dangerous relapses when they have found a woman inclining to another.

Dor. He guesses the secret of my heart! I am concern'd, but dare not show it, lest *Bellinda* should mistrust all I have done to gain her. [To himself.]

Bell. [Aside.] I have watch'd his look, and find no alteration there. Did he love her, some signs of jealousy would have appear'd?

Dor. I hope this happy evening, Madam, has reconcil'd you to the scandalous Mail, we shall have you now hankering here agen...

Lov. Sir *Fopling*, will you walk...

Sir Fop. I am all obedience; Madam...

Lov. Come along then... and let's agree to be malicious on all the ill-fashion'd things we meet.

Sir Fop. We'll make a critick on the whole mail, Madam.

Lov. *Bellinda*, you shall engage...

Bell. To the reserve of our friends, my dear.

Lov. No! No exceptions...

Sir Fop. We'll sacrifice all to our diversion...

Lov. All... all...

Sir Fop. All.

Bell. All then let it be.

[Ex *Sir Fopling*, *Loveit*, *Bellinda*, & *Pert.* laughing.]

Med. Would you had brought some more of your friends, *Dorimant*, to have been witnesses of *Sir Fopling's* disgrace, and your triumph...

Dor. 'Twere unreasonable to desire you not to laugh at me; but pray do not expose me to the Town this day or two.

Med. By that time you hope to have regain'd your credit.

Dor. I know she hates *Fopling*, and only makes use of him in hope to work me on agen; had it not been for some powerful considerations, which will be remov'd
to

60 THE MAN OF MODE, or,
to-morrow morning, I had made her pluck off this mask;
and shew the passion that lyes panting under.

Enter a Footman.

Med. Here comes a man from *Zellair*, with news of
your last adventure.

Dor. I am glad he sent him. I long to know the
consequence of our parting.

Footm. Sir, my Master desires you to come to my
Lady *Townleys* presently, and bring Mr *Medley* with
you. My Lady *Woodvill* and her daughter are there.

Med. Then all's well, *Dorimant*...

Footm. They have sent for the fiddles, and mean to
dance! He bid me tell you, Sir, the old Lady does
not know you, and would have you own your self to
be Mr. *Courtage*. They are all prepar'd to receive you
by that name.

Dor. That foppish admirer of quality, who flatters
the very meat at honourable tables, and never offers
love to a woman below a Lady grand-mother.

Med. You know the character you are to act, I see.

Dor. This is *Harriets* contrivance... Wild, witty,
oversome, beautiful and young... Come along *Medley*...

Med. This new woman would well supply the love
of *Loveit*.

Dor. That business must not end so; before to-mor-
rows Sun is set, I will revenge and clear it.

*And you and Loveit to her cost shall find,
I fathom all the depths of womankind.*

[*Exeunt*]

ACT



A C T I V.

THE SCENE opens with the fiddlers playing a country dance.

Enter Dorimant, L. Woodvil, Young Bellair, and Mrs. Harriet, Old Bellair, and Emilia, Mr. Medley and L. Townly; as having just ended the dance.

OLD BELLAIR.

SO, so, so! a smart bout, a very smart bout, a-dod! L. Town. How do you like *Emilias* dancing Brother?

O. Bell. Not at all, not at all.

L. Town. You speak not what you think, I am sure!

O. Bell. No matter for that, go, bid her dance no more, it don't become her, it don't become her, tell her I say so; A-dod I love her. [Aside.

Dor. [To L. Woodvill.] All people mingle now a days, Madam, and in publick places women of quality have the least respect show'd 'em.

L. Wood. I protest you say the truth, Mr. Courtage.

Dor. Forms and ceremonies, the only things that uphold quality and greatness, are now shamefully laid aside and neglected.

L. Wood. Well! this is not the womens age, let 'em think what they will; lewdness is the business now. Love was the business in my time.

Dor. The women indeed are little beholding to the young men of this age; they're generally only dull admirers

62 THE MAN OF MODE, or;

mirers of themselves, and make their court to nothing but their perriwigs and their cravats; and would be more concern'd for the disordering of 'em, tho' on a good occasion, than a young maid would be for the tumbling of her head or handkerchief.

L. Wood. I protest you hit 'em.

Dor. They are very assiduous to show themselves at Court well dress'd to the women of quality, but their business is with the stale mistresses of the Town, who are prepar'd to receive their lazy addresses, by industrious old lovers who have cast 'em off, and made 'em easy.

Har. He fits my mothers humour so well; a little more and she'll dance a kissing dance with him anon.

Med. Dutifully observ'd, Madam.

Dor. They pretend to be great criticks in beauty; by their talk you would think they lik'd no face, and yet can doat on an ill one, if it belong to a landress or a Taylors daughter: they cry a woman's past her prime at twenty, decay'd at four and twenty, old and unsufferable at thirty.

L. Wood. Unsufferable at thirty! That they are in the wrong, *M. Courtage*; at five and thirty, there are living proofs enough to convince 'em.

Dor. Ay Madam! ther's Mrs. *Setlooks*, Mrs *Droplip*, and my Lady *Lowd*! shew me among all our opening buds, a face that promises so much beauty as the remains of theirs.

L. Wood. The deprav'd appetite of this vicious age tastes nothing but green fruit, and loaths it when 'tis kindly ripen'd.

Dor. Else so many deserving women, Madam, would not be so untimely neglected.

L. Wood. I protest, Mr. *Courtage*, a dozen such good men as you, would be enough to atone for that wicked *Dorimant*, and all the under debauchees of the Town. What's the matter there?

[*Har. Emil. Young Bell. Med. Lady Town.*
break out into a laughter.

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Med. A pleasant mistake, Madam, that a Lady has made, occasions a little laughter.

O. Bell. Come, come, you keep 'em idle; they are impatient till the fiddles play again.

Dor. You are not weary, Madam?

L. Wood. One dance more; I cannot refuse you Mr.

Courtage.

[*They dance.*

[*After the dance, O. Bellair, singing and dancing up to Emilia*

Emil. You are very active, Sir.

O. Bell. A Dod, Sirrah; when I was a young fellow, I could ha' caper'd up to my womans gorger.

Dor. You are willing to rest your self, Madam...

L. Town. We'll walk into my chamber and sit down.

Med. Leave us, Mr. *Courtage*; he's a dancer, and the young Ladies are not weary yet.

L. Wood. We'll send him out again.

Har. If you do not quickly, I know where to send for Mr. *Dorimant*.

L. Wood. This girls head, Mr. *Courtage*, is ever running on that wild fellow.

Dor. 'Tis well you have got her a good husband, Madam, that will settle it.

[*Ex. L. Town. Wood. and Dorimant.*

O. Bell. to Emilia. [A-dod, sweet-heart be advis'd, and do not throw thy self away on a young idle fellow.

Emil. I have no such intention, Sir.

O. Bell. Have a little patience! Thou shalt have the man I spake of. A-dod, he loves thee, and will make a good husband, but no words...

Emil. But Sir...

O. Bell. No answer...out a pize! peace, and think on't.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Your company is desired within, Sir.

64 THE MAN OF MODE; or

O. Bell. I go, I go, good Mr. Courtage... Fare ye well; Go! I'll see you no more. [To Emil]

Emil. What have I done, Sir?

O. Bell. You are ugly; you are ugly! Is she not M. Courtage?

Emil. Better words or I sha'nt abide you.

O. Bell. Out a pize... a-dod, what does she say? H. her a pat for me there. [Ex. Old Bellair]

Med. You have charms for the whole family.

Dor. You'll spoil all with some unseasonable jest. Medley.

Med. You see I confine my tongue, and am content to be a bare spectator, much contrary to my nature.

Emil. Methinks, Mr. Dorimant, my Lady Woodvil is a little fond of you.

Dor. Would her daughter were.

Med. It may be you may find her so, try her, you have an opportunity.

Dor. And I will not lose it! Bellair, here's a Lady has something to say to you.

Y. Bell. I wait upon her. M. Medley, we have business with you.

Dor. Get you all together then. [To Harriet.] That demurè curtsy is not amiss in jest, but do not think in earnest it becomes you.

Har. Affectation is catching I find; from your grave bow I got it.

Dor. Where had you all that scorn, and coldness in your look?

Har. From nature, Sir, pardon my want of art: I have not learnt those softnesses and languishings which now in faces are so much in fashion.

Dor. You need 'em not, you have a sweetness of your own, if you would but calm your frowns and let it settle.

Har. My eyes are wild and wandring like my passions, and cannot yet be ty'd to rules of charming.

Dor.

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Dor. Women indeed have commonly a method of managing those messengers of Love; now they will look as if they would kill, and anon they will look as if they were dying: They point and rebate their glances, the better to invite us.

Har. I like this variety well enough, but hate the set face that always looks as it would say, come love me. A woman, who at Plays makes the doux yeux to a whole audience, and at home cannot forbear 'em to her monkey.

Dor. Put on a gentle smile, and let me see how well it will become you.

Har. I am sorry my face does not please you as it is, but I shall not be complaisant and change it.

Dor. Though you are obstinate, I know 'tis capable of improvement, and shall do you justice, Madam, if I chance to be at Court, when the criticks of the circle pass their judgment; for thither you must come.

Har. And expect to be taken in pieces, have all my features examin'd, every motion censur'd, and on the whole be condemn'd to be but pretty, or a Beauty of the lowest rate. What think you?

Dor. The women, nay, the very Lovers who belong to the drawing-room will maliciously allow you more than that: they always grant what is apparent, that they may the better be believ'd, when they name conceal'd faults they cannot easily be disprov'd in.

Har. Beauty runs as great a risque expos'd at Court, as Wit does on the stage, where the ugly and the foolish, all are free to censure.

Dor. aside.] I love her, and dare not let her know it; I fear she has an ascendant o'er me, and may revenge the wrongs I have done her Sex. Think of making a party, Madam, Love will engage. [*To her.*

Har. You make me start! I did not think to have heard of Love from you.

Dor. I never knew what 't was to have a settled Ague yet,

66 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

yet, but now and then have had irregular fits.

Har. Take heed, sickness after long health is commonly more violent and dangerous.

Dor. I have took the infection from her, and for the disease now spreading in me... [*Aside.*] Is the name of Love so frightful that you dare not stand it? [*To her*]

Har. 'Twill do little execution out of your mouth on me, I am sure.

Dor. It has been fatal...

Har. To some easy women; but we are not all born to one destiny. I was inform'd you use to laugh at Love and not make it.

Dor. The time has been, but now I must speak...

Har. If it be on that idle subject, I will put on my serious look, turn my head carelessly from you, drop my lip, let my eye lids fall, and hang half o'er my eyes... thus, while you buz a speech of an hour long in my ear, and I answer never a word: why do you not begin?

Dor. That the company may take notice how passionately I make advances of love, and how disdainfully you receive 'em!

Har. When your love's grown strong enough to make you hear being laugh'd at, I'll give you leave to trouble me with it. Till when pray forbear, Sir.

Enter Sir Fopling and others in Masks.

Dor. What's here, masquerades?

Har. I thought that toppery had been left off, and people might have been in private with a fiddle.

Dor. 'Tis endeavour'd to be kept on foot still, by some who find themselves the more acceptable, the less they are known.

Y. Bell. This must be Sir Fopling.

Med. That extraordinary habit shows it.

Y. Bell. What are the rest?

Med.

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Med. A company of French rascals, whom he pick'd up in *Paris*, and has brought over to be his dancing equipage, on these occasions. Make him own himself; a fool is very troublesome, when he presumes he is incognito.

Sir Fop. Do you know me?

[*To Harriet.*]

Har. Ten to one but I guess at you.

Sir Fop. Ate you women as fond of a vizard, as we men are?

Har. I am very fond of a vizard that covers a face I do not like, Sir.

Y. Bell. Here are no masks you see, Sir, but those which came with you; this was intended a private meeting, but because you look like a gentleman, if you discover your self, and we know you to be such, you shall be welcome.

Sir Fop. Dear *Bellair*!

[*Pulling off his mask.*]

Med. Sir *Fopling*! how came you hither?

Sir Fop. Faith, as I was coming late from *White-Hall*, after the *Kings couchée*, one of my people told me he had heard fiddles at my *Lady Townleys*, and...

Dor. You need not say any more, Sir.

Sir Fop. *Dorimant*, let me kiss thee.

Dor. Hark you, Sir *Fopling*...

[*Whispers.*]

Sir Fop. Enough, enough, *Courtage*. A pretty kind of young woman that, *Medley*, I observ'd her in the mail more eveillée than our English women commonly are; prithee what is she?

Med. The most noted Coquette in Town; beware of her.

Sir Fop. Let her be what she will, I know how to take my measures: in *Paris* the mode is to flatter the prude, laugh at the faux-prude, make serious love to the demi-prude, and only railly at the coquette. *Medley*, what think you?

Med. That for all this smattering of the Mathematicks, you may be out in your judgment at tennis.

68 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Sir Fop. What a coc à l'asne is this? I talk of women, and thou answer'st tennis.

Med. Mistakes will be for want of apprehension.

Sir Fop. I am very glad of the acquaintance I have with this family.

Med. My Lady truly is a good woman.

Sir Fop. Ah! *Dorimant*, *Courtage* I would say, wouldst thou hadst spent the last winter in *Paris* with me. When thou wer't there *La Cornue* and *Sallies* were the only habitudes we had; a Comedian would have been a *bonne-fortune*. No stranger ever pass'd his time so well as I did some months before I came over. I was well receiv'd in a dozen families, where all the women of quality us'd to come to visit. I have intrigues to tell thee, more pleasant, than ever thou read'st in a novel.

Har. Write 'em, Sir, and oblige us women; our Language wants such little stories.

Sir Fop. Writing, Madam's a mechanick part of wit; A Gentleman should never go beyond a Song or a Billet.

Har. *Buffy* was a Gentleman.

Sir Fop. Who *d'Ambois*?

Med. Was there ever such a brisk blockhead?

Har. Not *d'Ambois*, Sir, but *Rabutin*; he who writes the loves of *France*.

Sir Fop. That may be, Madam, many Gentlemen do things that are below 'em. Damn your Authors, *Courtage*, Women are the prettiest things we can fool away our time with.

Har. I hope you have wear'd your self to-night at court, Sir, and I will not think of fooling with any body here.

Sir Fop. I cannot complain of my Fortune there Madam... *Dorimant*...

Dor. Again!

Sir Fop. *Courtage*, a pox on't, I have something to tell thee. When I had made my court within, I came out

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out and flung my self upon the matt under the state i'th' outward room, i'th' midst of half a dozen Beauties who were withdrawn to jeer among themselves, as they call'd it.

Dor. Did you know 'em?

Sir Fop. Not one of 'em by heavens; not I, but they were all your friends.

Dor. How are you sure of that?

Sir Fop. Why, we laugh'd at all the Town; spar'd no body but your self: they found me a man for their purpose.

Dor. I know you are malicious to your power.

Sir Fop. And faith I had occasion to shew it, for I never saw more gaping fools at a Ball or on a Lirth-day.

Dor. You learn'd who the women were.

Sir Fop. No matter; they frequent the drawing room.

Dor. And entertain themselves pleasantly at the expence of all the fops who come there?

Sir Fop. That's their bus'ness. Faith I sifted 'em, and find they have a sort of wit among them... Ah filthy.

[Pinches a tallow candle.

Dor. Look, he has been pinching the tallow candle.

Sir Fop. How can you breath in a room where there's grease frying! *Dorimant* thou art intimate with my Lady, advise her, for her own sake and the good company that comes hither, to burn wax lights.

Har. What are these masquerades who stand so obsequiously at a distance?

Sir Fop. A set of Balladins, whom I pick'd out of the best in *France* and brought over, with a flute-douce or two, my Servants; they shall entertain you.

Har. I had rather see you dance your self, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. And I had rather do it...all the company knows it...but Madam...

Med. Come, come, no excuses, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. By Heav'ns *Medley*...

70 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Med. Like a woman I find you must be struggled with before one brings you to what you desire.

Har. Can he dance?

[*Aside.*]

Emil. And fence, and sing to, if you'll believe him.

Dor. He has no more excellence in his heels than in his head. He went to *Paris* a plain bashful English block-head, and is return'd a fine undertaking *French Fop*.

Med. I cannot prevail.

Sir Fop. Do not think it want of complaisance, Madam.

Har. You are too well-bred to want that, *Sir Fopling*. I believe it want of power.

Sir Fop. By Heav'n's, and so it is. I have sat up so damn'd late, and drunk so curs'd hard since I came to this lewd Town, that I am fit for nothing but low dancing now, a Courant, a Boree, or a Minnuet: but *St. André* tells me, if I will but be regular, in one month I shall rise again. Pox on this debauchery.

[*Endeavours at a Cap.*]

Emil. I have heard your dancing much commended.

Sir Fop. It had the good fortune to please in *Paris*. I was judg'd to rise within an inch as high as the Basque, in an entry I danc'd there.

Har. I am mightily taken with this fool; let us sit: Here's a seat, *Sir Fopling*.

Sir Fop. At your feet, Madam; I can be no where so much at ease: by your leave gown.

Har. and Emil.] Ah! you'll spoil it.

Sir Fop. No matter; my cloaths are my creatures: I make 'em to make my court to you Ladies. Hey... Qu'en commence; to an English dancer English motions. [*Dance.*] I was forc'd to entertain this fellow, one of my set miscarrying... Oh horrid! leave your damn'd manner of dancing, and put on the French air: have you not a pattern before you... Pretty well; imitation in time may bring him to something.

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After the dance enter O. Bellair, L. Woodvil and L. Townley.

O. Bell. Hey a dod! what have we here, a mumming?

L. Wood. Where's my daughter... Harriet?

Dor. Here, here, Madam! I know not but under these disguises there may be dangerous sparks, I gave the young Lady warning.

L. Wood. Lord! I am so oblig'd to you, Mr. Courrage.

Har. Lord how you admire this man!

L. Wood. What have you to except against him?

Har. He's a Fop.

L. Wood. He's not a *Dorimant*, a wild extravagant fellow of the times.

Har. He's a man made up of forms and common places, suckt out of the remaining lees of the last age.

L. Wood. He's so good a man that were you not engag'd...

L. Town. You'll have but little night to sleep in.

L. Wood. Lord! 'tis perfect day...

Dor. [*Aside.*] The hour is almost come, I appointed *Bellinda*, and I am not so foppishly in love here to forget I am flesh and blood yet. [*Aside.*]

L. Town. I am very sensible, Madam.

L. Wood. Lord, Madam!

Har. Look in what a struggle is my poor mother yonder.

Y. Bell. She has much ado to bring out the complement.

Dor. She strains hard for it.

Har. See, see! her head tottering, her eyes staring, and her under-lip trembling...

Dor. Now, now, she's in the very convulsions of her civility. [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath, I shall lose *Bellinda*: I must fright her hence, she'll be an hour in this fit of good

72 THE MAN OF MODE, or;
manners else. [To *L. Wood*.] Do you not know Sir
Fopling, Madam?

L. Wood. I have seen that face... Oh Heav'n, 'tis the
same we met in the mail, how came he here?

Dor. A Fiddle in this Town is a kind of fop-call;
no sooner it strikes up, but the house is besieg'd with
an army of masquerades straight.

L. Wood. Lord! I tremble, Mr. *Courtage*, for certain
Dorimant is in the company.

Dor. I cannot confidently say he is not; you had best
began; I will wait upon you; your daughter is in the
hands of Mr. *Bellair*.

L. Wood. I'll see her before me. *Harriet*, come away

Y. Bell. Lights! Lights!

L. Town. Light down there.

O. Bell. A dod, it needs not...

Dor. Call my Lady *Woodvils* coach to the door, quickly.

O. Bell. Stay, Mr. *Medley*, let the young fellows do
that duty; we will drink a glass of wine together; 'tis
good after dancing. What mumming spark is that?

Med. He is not to be comprehended in few words.

Sir Fop. Hey! La Tour.

Med. Whither away, Sir *Fopling*?

Sir Fop. I have bus'ness with *Courtage*...

Med. He'll but put the Ladies into their coach and
come up again.

O. Bell. In the mean time I'll call for a bottle.

[*Ex. Old. Bell*.]

Enter *Y. Bellair*.

Med. Where's *Dorimant*?

Y. Bell. Stolen home! he has had business waiting for
him there all this night, I believe, by an impatience I
observ'd in him.

Med. Very likely, 'tis but dissembling drunkenness,
rail.

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railing at his friends, and the kind soul will embrace the blessing, and forget the tedious expectation.

Sir Fop. I must speak with him before I sleep;

Y. Bell. Emilia and I are resolv'd on that business.

Med. Peace, here's your Father.

Enter Old Bellair, and Butler with a Bottle of Wine.

O. Bell. The Women are all gone to bed. Fill Boy!

Mr. Medley, begin a health.

Med. To Emilia.

[*Whispers.*]

O. Bell. Out a pize! she's a rogue, and I'll not pledge you.

Med. I know you will.

O. Bell. A dod, drink it then.

Sir Fop. Let us have the new Bachique.

O. Bell. A-dod, that's a hard word; What does it mean, Sir?

Med. A catch, or drinking Song.

O. Bell. Let us have it then.

Sir Fop. Fill the glasses round, and draw up in a Body. Hey! musick!

They Sing.

The pleasures of Love and the joys of good wine,

To perfect our happiness wisely we joyn.

We to beauty all day,

Give the Sovereign sway,

And her favourite Nymphs devoutly obey.

At the Plays we are constantly making our court,

And when they are ended we follow the sport;

To the mail and the park,

Where we love till 'tis dark:

Then sparkling Champagne

Puts an end to their reign;

74 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

It quickly recovers,

Poor languishing Lovers,

Makes us frolick and gay, & drowns all our sorrows

But alas! we relapse again on the morrow.

Let every man stand,

With his glass in his hand:

'And briskly discharge at the word of command.

Here's a health to all those,

Whom to night we depose.

Wine and beauty by turns great souls should inspire.

Present all together; and now boys give fire...

O. Bell. A-dod, a pretty business and very merry.

Sir Fop. Hark you, *Medley*, let you and I take the fiddles, and go wake *Dorimant*.

Med. We shall do him a courtesy, if it be as I guess. For after the fatigue of this night, he'll quickly have his belly full; and be glad of an occasion to cry, take away, *Handy*.

Y. Bell. I'll go with you, and there we'll consult about affairs, *Medley*.

O. Bell. *looks on his watch,*] A-dod, 'tis six a clock

Sir Fop. Let's away then.

O. Bell. Mr. *Medley*, my sister tells me you are an honest man. And a-dod I love you. Few words and hearty, that's the way with old Harry, old Harry.

Sir Fop. Light your flambeaux. Hey!

O. Bell. What does the man mean?

Med. 'Tis day, Sir *Fopling*.

Sir Fop. No matter; our Serenade will look the greater.

(*Ex omnes.*)

SCENE

SCENE II.

Dorimants *Lodging, a Table, a Candle, a Toilet, &c. Handy tying up Linnen.*

Enter Dorimant in his gown, and Bellinda.

DORIMANT.

Why will you be gone so soon?

Bell. Why did you stay out so late?

Dor. Call a chair, *Handy!* what makes you tremble so?

Bell. I have a thousand fears about me: have I not been seen think you?

Dor. By no body but my self and trusty *Handy.*

Bell. Where are all your people?

Dor. I have dispart 'em on sleeveles errands. What does that sigh mean?

Bell. Can you be so unkind to ask me? ... well ...
Were it to do again... [Sighs.]

Dor. We should do it, should we not?

Bell. I think we should: the wickeder man you to make me love so well ... will you be discreet now?

Dor. I will ...

Bell. You cannot.

Dor. Never doubt it.

Bell. I will not expect it.

Dor. You do me wrong,

Bell. You have no more power to keep the secret, than I had not to trust you with it.

Dor. By all the joys I have had, and those you keep in store...

Bell. You'll do for my sake what you never did before...

Dor. By that truth thou hast spoken, a wife shall sooner betray her self to her husband...

Bell.

76 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Bell. Yet I had rather you should be false in this than in another thing you promis'd me.

Dor. What's that?

Bell. That you would never see *Loveit* more but in publick places, in the park, at Court and Plays.

Dor. 'Tis not likely a man should be fond of seeing a damn'd old Play when there is a new one acted.

Bell. I dare not trust your promise.

Dor. You may...

Bell. This does not satisfy me; you shall swear you never will see her more.

Dor. I will, a thousand oaths...by all...

Bell. Hold...you shall not, now I think on't better.

Dor. I will swear...

Bell. I shall grow jealous of the oath, and think I owe your truth to that, not to your Love.

Dor. Then, by my Love, no other oath I'll swear.

Enter Handy.

Hand. Here's a chair.

Bell. Let me go.

Dor. I cannot.

Bell. Too wilingly I fear,

Dor. Too unkindly fear'd. When will you promise me again?

Bell. Not this fortnight.

Dor. You will be better than your word.

Bell. I think I shall. Will it not make you love me less? heark! what fiddles are these?

[*Starting fiddles without.*

Dor. Look out, *Handy*! [*Ex. Handy, and returns.*

Hand. Mr. *Medley*, Mr. *Bellair*, and Sir *Fopling*, they are coming up.

Dor. How got they in?

Hand. The door was open for the chair.

Bell.

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Bell Lord! let me fly...

Dor. Here, here, down the back stairs. I'll see you into your chair.

Bell. No, no! stay and receive 'em: and be sure you keep your word, and never see *Loveit* more. Let it be a proof of your kindness.

Dor. It shall... *Handy*, direct her. Everlasting love go along with thee.

[*Kissing her hand.*

[*Ex. Bellinda and Handy.*

Enter Young Bellair, Medley, and Sir Fopling.

Y. Bell. Not a bed yet!

Med. You have had an irregular fit, *Dorimant*.

Dor. I have.

Y. Bell. And is it off already?

Dor. Nature has done her part, Gentlemen; when she falls kindly to work, great cures are effected in little time, you know.

Sir Fop. We thought there was a wench in the case, by the chair that waited. Prithee make us a confidence.

Dor. Excuse me.

Sir Fop. Lesage, *Dorimant*... was she pretty?

Dor. So pretty she may come to keep her coach and pay Parish duties if the good humour of the age continue.

Med. And be of the number of the Ladies kept by publick spirited men for the good of the whole Town.

Sir Fop. Well said, *Medley*.

[*Sir Fopling dancing by himself.*

Y. Bell. See *Sir Fopling* dancing.

Dor. You are practising and have a mind to recover I see.

Sir Fop. Prithee *Dorimant*! why hast not thou a glass hung up here? a Room is the dullest thing without one!

Y. Bell. Here is company to entertain you.

Sir Fop. But I mean in case being alone. In a glass of a man may entertain himself ...

Dor.

78 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Dor. The shadow of himself indeed,

Sir Fop. Correct the errors of his motions and his dress.

Med. I find, *Sir Fopling*, in your solitude, you remember the saying of the wise man? and study your self.

Sir Fop. 'Tis the best diversion in our retirements.

Dorimant, thou art a pretty fellow, and wear'st thy cloaths well, but I never saw thee have a handsome Cravat. Were they made up like mine, they'd give another air to thy face. Prithce let me send my man to dress thee but one day. By Heav'n's an English man cannot tie a ribbon.

Dor. They are something clumsy fisted...

Sr. Fop. I have brought over the prettiest fellow that ever spread a Toilet; he serv'd some time under *Merille*, the greatest genie in the world for a Valet de chambre.

Dor. What, he who formerly belong'd to the Duke of Candale?

Sr. Fop. The same, and got him his immortal reputation.

Dor. Y'have a very fine Brandenburg on, *Sir Fopling*.

Sir Fop. It serves to wrap me up, after the fatigue of a ball.

Med. I see you often in it, with your Perriwig ty'd up.

Sir Fop. We should not always be in a set dress, 'tis more en cavalier to appear now and then in a deshabillee.

Med. Pray how goes your business with *Louis*?

Sr. Fop. You might have answer'd your self in the mail last night. *Dorimant*! did you not see the advance she made me? I have been endeavouring at a song.

Dor. Already!

Sr. Fop. 'Tis my coup d'essay in English, I would fain have thy opinion of it.

Dor. Let's see it.

Sir Fop. Hey Page give me my Song... *Bellair*, here thou hast a pretty voice, sing it.

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Y. Bell. Sing it your self, Sir *Fopling*.

Sir *Fop*. Excuse me.

Y. Bell. You learnt to sing in *Paris*.

Sir *Fop*. I did of *Lambert*, the greatest master in the world: but I have his own fault, a weak voice, and care not to sing out a *ruél*.

Dor. A *ruél* is a pretty cage for a singing *Fop* indeed.

Y. Bellair reads the Song.

How charming Phillis is, how fair!

Ah that she were as willing

To ease my wounded heart of care,

And make her eyes less killing.

I sigh! I sigh! I languish now,

And Love will not let me rest,

I drive about the park, and bow

Still as I meet my dearest.

Sr. *Fop*. Sing it, sing it man, it goes to a pretty new tune which I am confident was made by *Baptist*.

Med. Sing it your self, Sir *Fopling*, he does not know the tune.

Sr. *Fop*. I'll venture.

[Sir *Fopling* sings.

Dor. Ay marry! now 'tis something. I shall not flatter you, Sir *Fopling*, there is not much thought in't, but 'tis passionate and well turn'd.

Med. After the French way.

Sr. *Fop*. That I aim'd at ... does it not give you a lively image of the thing? Slap down goes the glass, and thus we are at it.

Dor. It does indeed: I perceive, Sir *Fopling*, you'll be the very head of the Sparks, who are lucky in compositions of this nature.

Enter

30 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Enter Sir Foplings Footman.

Sir Fop. La Tower, is the bath ready?

Footm. Yes, Sir.

Sir Fop. Adieu donc mes cheres. [*Ex. Sir Fopling.*]

Med. When have you your revenge on *Loveit*. *Dorimant*?

Dor. I will but change my linnen, and about it.

Med. The powerful considerations which hinder'd have been remov'd then.

Dor. Most luckily this morning; you must along with me, my reputation lyes at stake there.

Med. I am engag'd to *Bellair*.

Dor. What's your business.

Med. Ma-ttri-mony an't like you.

Dor. It does not, Sir.

Y. Bell. It may in time, *Dorimant*, what think you of *Mrs. Harriet*?

Dor. What does she think of me?

Y. Bell. I am confident she loves you.

Dor. How does it appear?

Y. Bell. Why, she's never well but when she's talking of you; but then she finds all the faults in you she can; she laughs at all who commend you, but then she speaks ill of all who do not.

Dor. Women of her temper betray themselves, by their over cunning. I had once a growing love with a Lady, who would always quarrel with me, when I came to see her and yet was never quiet if I stay'd a day from her.

Y. Bell. My Father is in love with *Emilia*.

Dor. That is a good warrant for your proceedings; go on and prosper, I must to *Loveit*. *Medley*, I am sorry you cannot be a witness.

Med. Make her meet *Sir Fopling* again in the same place, and use him ill before me.

Dor. That may be brought about I think. I'll beat your aunts anon, and give you joy, *Mr. Bellair*.

Y.

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Y. Bell. You had not best think of Mrs. Harriet too much; without Church security there's no taking up there.

Dor. I may fall into the snare too. But...

The wife will find a difference in our fate,

You wed a Woman, I a good estate. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter the Chair with Bellinda, the men set it down and open it. Bellinda starting.

BELLINDA surpriz'd.

L Ord! where am I! In the mail? whither have you brought me?

i Chair-m. You gave us no directions, Madam?

Bell. The fright I was in made me forget it. [Aside.]

i Chair m. We use to carry a Lady from the Squires hither.

Bell. This is Loveit, I am undone if she sees me quickly, carry me away. [Aside.]

i Chair-m. Whither, an't like your honour?

Bell. Ask no questions...

Enter Loveits Footman.

Footm. Have you seen my Lady, Madam?

Bell. I am just come to wait upon her...

Footm. She will be glad to see you, Madam; she sent me to you this morning, to desire your company, and I was told you went out by five a clock.

Bell. More and more unlucky! [Aside.]

Footm. Will you walk in, Madam?

Bell. I'll discharge my chair and follow. Tell your Mrs. I am here. [Ex. Footm.] Take this [Gives the Chair-]

32 THE MAN OF MODE, or;
Chairmen money.] and if ever you should be examin'd
be sure you say, you took me up in the Strand, over
against the Exchange, as you will answer it to Mr.
Dorimant.

Chairm. We will an't like your honour,

[Ex. Chairmen,

Bell. Now to come off, I must on...

In confidence and lies some hope is left;

'Twere hard to be found out in the first theft. [Exit.



A C T V.

Enter Mistress Loveit, and Pert her Woman.

PERT.

WELL! in my eyes Sir Fopling is no such despicable
person.

Lov. You are an excellent Judge.

Pert. He's as handsome a man as Mr. Dorimant, and
as great a Gallant.

Lov. Intollerable! is't not enough I submit to his im-
pertinences, but must I be plagu'd with yours too?

Pert. Indeed Madam...

Lov. 'Tis false, mercenary malice...

Enter her Footman.

Footm. Mrs. Bellinda, Madam...

Lov. What of her?

Footm. She's below.

Lov. How came she?

Footm. In a chair, ambling Harry brought her.

Lov. He bring her! his chair stands near Dorimant's
door, and always brings me from thence... Run and
ask him where he took her up, go. There is no truth
in

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in friendship neither. Women, as well as men, all are false, or all are so to me at least.

Pert. You are jealous of her too?

Lov. You had best tell her I am. 'Twill become the liberty you take of late. This fellows bringing of her, her going out by five a clock... I know not what to think.

Enter Bellinda.

Bellinda, you are grown an early riser, I hear.

Bell. Do you not wonder my dear, what made me abroad so soon?

Lov. You do not use to be so.

Bell. The country Gentlewomen I told you of (Lord! they have the oddest diversions!) would never let me rest till I promis'd to go with them to the market this morning to eat fruit and buy nosegays.

Lov. Are they so fond of a filthy nosegay?

Bell. They complain of the stinks of the Town, and are never well but when they have their noses in one.

Lov. There are essences and sweet waters.

Bell. O they cry out upon perfumes, they are unwholesome, one of 'em was falling into a fit with the smell of these narolii.

Lov. Methinks in complaisance you shou'd have had a nosegay too.

Bell. Do you think, my dear, I could be so loathsome to trick my self up with carnations & stock-gilly-flowers? I begg'd their pardon and told them I never wore any thing but orange-flowers and tuberose. That which made me willing to go, was, a strange desire I had to eat some fresh nectarens.

Lov. And had you any?

Bell. The best I ever tasted.

Lov. Whence came you now?

Bell. From their lodgings, where I crowded out of

84 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

a coach, and took a chair to come & see you, my dear.

Lov. Whither did you send for that chair?

Bell. 'Twas going by empty.

Lov. Where do these country Gentlewomen lodge I pray?

Bell. In the Strand over against the Exchange.

Pert. That place is never without a nest of 'em, they are always as one goes by fleeing in balconies or staring out of windows.

Enter Footman.

Lov. [*To the Footm.*] Come hither. [*Whispers.*

Bell. [*Aside.*] This fellow by her order has been questioning the chairmen: I threatn'd 'em with the name of *Dorimant*: if they should have told truth I am lost for ever.

Lov. In the Strand said you?

Footm. Yes Madam, over against the Exchange.

[*Ex. Footm.*

Lov. She's innocent and I am much to blame.

Bell. [*Aside.*] I am so frightened, my countenance will betray me.

Lov. *Bellinda*! what makes you look so pale?

Bell. Want of my usual rest, and jolting up and down so long in an odious hackney. [*Footman returns.*

Footm. Madam! Mr. *Dorimant*.

Lov. What makes him here?

Bell. [*Aside.*] Then I am betray'd indeed, he has broke his word, and I love a man that does not care for me.

Lov. Lord! you faint, *Bellinda*!

Bell. I think I shall! such an oppression here on the sudden.

Pert. She has eaten too much fruit I warrant you

Lov. Not unlikely.

Pert. 'Tis that lyes heavy on her stomach.

Lov

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Lov. Have her into my chamber give her some surfeit water, and let her ly down a little.

Pert. Come, Madam! I was a strange devourer of fruit when I was so young, so ravenous!

[*Ex. Bell. and Pert leading her off.*]

Lov. Oh that my Love would be but calm a while! That I might receive this man with all the scorn and indignation he deserves.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Now for a touch of Sir *Fopling* to begin with. Hey ... Page ... Give positive order that none of my people stir ... Let the canaille wait as they should do ... since noise and nonsense have such powerful charms, I that I may successful prove,

Transform my self to what you love.

Lov. If that would do, you need not change from what you are, you can be vain and lowd enough.

Dor. But not with so good a grace as Sir *Fopling*. Hey, *Hampshire* ... Oh ... that sound, that sound becomes the mouth of a man of quality.

Lov. Is there a thing so hateful as a senseless mimick?

Dor. He's a great grievance indeed to all who, like your self, Madam, love to play the fool in quiet.

Lov. A ridiculous animal, who has more of the ape, than the ape has of the man in him.

Dor. I have as mean an opinion of a sheer-mimick as your self; yet were he all ape, I should prefer him to the gay, the giddy, brisk insipid noisy fool you doat on.

Lov. Those noisy fools, however you despise 'em, have good qualities, which weigh more (or ought at least) with us women, than all the pernicious wit you have to boast of.

Dor. That I may hereafter have a just value for their merit, pray do me the favour to name 'em.

Lov. You'll despise 'em as the dulleffects of ignorance

36 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

and vanity! yet I care not if I mention some. First, they really admire us, while you at best but flatter us well,

Dor. Take heed; fools can dissemble too...

Lov. They may; but no so artificially as you... There is no fear they should deceive us. Then they are assiduous, Sir, they are ever offering us their service, and always waiting on our will.

Dor. You owe that to their excessive idleness; They know not how to entertain themselves at home, and find so little welcome abroad, they are fain to fly to you who countenance 'em as a refuge against the solitude they would be otherwise condemn'd to.

Lov. Their conversation too diverts us better.

Dor. Playing with your fan, smelling to your gloves, commending your hair, and taking notice how 'tis cut and shaded after the new way...

Lov. Were it sillier than you can make it, you must allow 'tis pleasanter to laugh at others, than to be laugh'd at our selves, though never so wittily. Then, though they want skill to flatter us, they flatter themselves so well, they save us the labour: we need not take that care and pains to satisfy 'em of our Love, which we so often lose on you.

Dor. They commonly indeed believe too well of themselves, and always better of you than you deserve.

Lov. You are in the right, they have an implicit faith in us, which keeps 'em from prying narrowly into our secrets, and saves us the vexatious trouble of clearing doubts, which your subtle and causeless jealousies every moment raise.

Dor. There is an inbred falsehood in women, which inclines 'em still to them whom they may most easily deceive.

Lov. The man who loves above his quality, does not suffer more from the insolent impertinence of his Mistress, than the woman who loves above her understand-

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ding, does from the arrogant presumptions of her friend.

Dor. You mistake the use of fools, they are design'd for properties and not for friends. You have an indifferent stock of reputation left yet; lose it all like a frank gamester on the square, 'twill then be time enough to turn rook, and cheat it up again on a good substantial bubble.

Lov. The old and the ill favour'd are only fit for properties indeed, but young and handsome fools have met with kinder fortunes.

Dor. They have, to the shame of your sex be it spoken; 'twas this, the thought of this made me by a timely jealousy, endeavour to prevent the good fortune you are providing for Sir *Fopling*... but against a womans frailty all our care is vain.

Lov. Had I not with a dear experience bought the knowledge of your falsehood, you might have fool'd me yet. This is not the first jealousy you have feign'd to make a quarrel with me, and get a week to throw away on some such unknown inconsiderable slut, as you have been lately lurking with at Plays.

Dor. Women, when they would break off with a man, never want th'address to turn the fault on him.

Lov. You take a pride of late in using of me ill, that the Town may know the power you have over me. Which now (as unreasonably as your self) expects that I (do me all the injuries you can) must love you still.

Dor. I am so far from expecting that you should, I begin to think you never did love me.

Lov. Would the memory of it were so wholly worn out in me, that I did doubt it too! What made you come to disturb my growing quiet?

Dor. To give you joy of your growing infamy.

Lov. Insupportable! insulting Devil! this from you, the only Author of my shame! this from another had been but justice, but from you 'tis a hellish and inhumane outrage. What have I done?

Dor. A thing that puts you below my scorn, and

88 THE MAN OF MODE, or;

makes my anger as ridiculous as you have made my Love.

Lov. I walk'd last night with Sir *Fopling*.

Dor. You did, Madam, and you talkt and laught aloud ha, ha, ha... Oh that laugh, that laugh becomes the confidence of a Woman of Quality.

Lov. You who have more pleasure in the ruine of a womans reputation, than in the indearments of her love, reproach me not with your self, and I defy you to name the man can lay a blemish on my fame.

Dor. To be seen publicly so transported with the vain follies of that notorious Fop, to me is an infamy below the sin of prostitution with another man.

Lov. Rail on, I am satisfy'd in the justice of what I did, you had provok'd me to't.

Dor. What I did was the effect of a passion, whose extravagancies you have been willing to forgive.

Lov. And what I did was the effect of a passion you may forgive if you think fit.

Dor. Are you so indifferent grown?

Lov. I am.

Dor. Nay, then 'tis time to part. I'll send you back your Letters you have so often askt for: I have two or three of 'em about me.

Lov. Give 'em me.

Dor. You snatch as if you thought I would not... there... and may the perjuries in 'em be mine, if e'er I see you more.

Lov. Stay!

[Offers to go, she catches him.]

Dor. I will not.

Lov. You shall.

Dor. What have you to say?

Lov. I cannot speak it yet.

Dor. Something more in commendation of the fool. Death! I want patience, let me go.

Lov. I cannot. I can sooner part with the limbs that hold him. [Aside.] I hate that nauseous fool, you know I do.

Dor.

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Dor. Was it the scandal you were fond of then?

Lov. Y'had rais'd my anger equal to my love, a thing you ne'er could do before, and in revenge I did... I know not what I did:... Would you would not think on't any more.

Dor. Should I be willing to forget it, I shall be daily minded of it, 'twill be a common place for all the Town to laugh at me, and *Medley*, when he is rhetorically drunk, will ever be declaiming on it in my ears.

Lov. 'Twill be believ'd a jealous spite! Come forget it.

Dor. Let me consult my reputation, you are to care- less of it. [*Pauses*] You shall meet Sir *Fopling* in the mail again to-night.

Lov. What mean you?

Dor. I have thought on't, and you must. 'Tis ne- cessary to justify my love to the world: you can handle a coxcomb as he deserves, when you are not out of humour, Madam.

Lov. Publick satisfaction for the wrong I have done you! This is some new device to make me more ridi- culous!

Dor. Hear me!

Lov. I will not!

Dor. You will be persuaded.

Lov. Never.

Dor. Are you so obstinate?

Lov. Are you so base?

Dor. You will not satisfy my love?

Lov. I would die to satisfy that, but I will not, to save you from a thousand racks, do a shameless thing to please your vanity.

Dor. Farewel false Woman.

Lov. Do! go!

Dor. You will call me back again.

Lov. Exquisite fiend! I knew you came but to torment me.

50 THE MAN OF MODE, or;

Enter Bellinda and Pert.

Dor. surpriz'd] *Bellinda* here!

Bell. [Aside.] He starts, and looks pale, the sight of me has toucht his guilty Soul.

Pert. 'Twas but a qualm as I said, a little indigestion, the surfeit-water did it, Madam, mixt with a little mirabilis.

Dor. I am confounded! and cannot guess how she came hither.

Lov. 'Tis your fortune *Bellinda* ever to be here, when I am abus'd by this prodigy of ill-nature.

Bell. I am amaz'd to find him here! how has he the face to come near you?

Dor. [Aside.] Here is fine work towards! I never was at such a loss before.

Bell. One who makes a publick profession of breach of faith and ingratitude! I loath the sight of him.

Dor. There is no remedy, I must submit to their tongues now, and some other time bring my self off as well as I can.

Bell. Other men are wicked, but then they have some sense of shame: he is never well but when he triumphs, may glories to a womans face in his villanies.

Lov. You are in the right, *Bellinda*; but methinks your kindness for me makes you concern your self too much with him.

Bell. It does indeed, my dear. His barbarous carriage to you yesterday, made me hope you ne'er would see him more; and the very next day to find him here again, provokes me strangely: But because I know you love him, I have done.

Dor. You have reproach'd me handsomely, and I deserve it for coming hither, but ...

Pert. You must expect it, Sir; all Women will hate you, for my Ladies sake.

Dor.

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Dor. Nay if she begins too, 'tis time to fly. I shall be scolded to death else. [*Aside to Bellinda.*] I am to blame in some circumstances, I confess; but as to the main, I am not so guilty as you imagine. I shall seek a more convenient time to clear my self.

Lov. Do it now; what impediments are here?

Dor. I want time, and you want temper,

Lov. These are weak pretences.

Dor. You were never more mistaken in your life, and so farewell. [*Dorimant flings off.*]

Lov. Call a Footman, *Pert*, quickly, I will have him dogg'd.

Pert. I wish you would not, for my quiet and your own.

Lov. I'll find out the infamous cause of all our quarels, pluck her mask off, and expose her barefac'd to the world.

Bell. Let me but escape this time, I'll never venture more. [*Aside.*]

Lov. *Bellinda*, you shall go with me.

Bell. I have such a heaviness hangs on me with what I did this morning, I wou'd fain go home and sleep, my dear.

Lov. Death! and eternal darkness. I shall never sleep again. Raging feavours seize the world, and make mankind as restless all as I am. [*Ex. Lov.*]

Bell. I knew him false and help'd to make him so: Was not her ruine enough to fright me from the danger? It should have been, but Love can take no warning.

[*Ex. Bell.*]

SCENE

92 THE MAN OF MODE, or;

SCENE II.

Lady Townleys House.

Enter Medley, Young Bellair, Lady Townley, Emilia and Chaplain.

MEDLEY.

Bear up, *Bellair*, and do not let us see that repentance in thine, we daily do in married faces.

L. Town. This wedding will strangely surprize my Brother, when he knows it.

Med. Your Nephew ought to conceal it for a time, Madam; since marriage has lost its good name, prudent men seldom expose their own reputations till 'tis convenient to justify their wives.

Old. Bell. [*without*] where are you all there? Out a-dod, will no body hear?

L. Town. My Brother, quickly Mr. *Smirk*, into this closet, you must not be seen yet. [*Goes into the closet.*]

Enter Old Bellair and L. Townleys Page.

O. Bell. Desire Mr. *Furb* to walk into the lower parlor, I will be with him presently... Where have you been, Sir, you cou'd not wait on me to day? [*To Y. Bell.*]

Y. Bell. About a business.

O. Bell. Are you so good at business? a dod, I have a business too, you shall dispatch out of hand, Sir. Send for a parson, sister; my Lady *Woodvill* and her daughter are coming.

L. Town. What need you huddle up things thus?

O. Bell. Out a pife, youth is apt to play the fool, and

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 93

and 'tis not good it should be in their power.

L. Town. You need not fear your Son.

O. Bell. He has been idling this morning, and a-dod I do not like him. How dost thou do, sweetheart?

[*To Emilia.*

Emil. You are very severe, Sir, marri'd in such haste!

O. Bell. Go too, thou art a rogue, and I will talk with thee anon. Here's my Lady *Woodwill* come.

Enter L. Woodvil, Harriet and Busy.

Welcome, Madam; Mr. *Furb's* below with the writings!

L. Wood. Let us down and make an end then.

O. Bell. Sister, shew the way. [*To Y. Bell. who is talking to Harriet.*] *Harry*, your business lyes not there yet! Excuse him till we have done, Lady, and then, a-dod, he shall be for thee. Mr. *Medley*, we must trouble you to be a witness.

Med. I luckily came for that purpose, Sir.

[*Ex. O. Bell. Medley, Y. Bell. L. Townley and L. Woodvill.*

Busy. What will you do, Madam?

Har. Be carried back and mew'd up in the country again; run away here, any thing, rather than be married to a man I do not care for... Dear *Emilia*, do thou advise me!

Emil. Mr. *Bellair* is engag'd you know.

Har. I do, but know not what the fear of losing an estate may fright him to

Emil. In the desp'rate condition you are in, you should consult with some judicious man; what think you of Mr. *Dorimant*?

Har. I do not think of him at all.

Busy. She thinks of nothing else I am sure...

Emil. How fond your Mother was of Mr. *Courage*!

Har. Because I contriv'd the mistake to make a little mirth, you believe I like the man.

Emil.

94 THE MAN OF MODE, or,

Emil. Mr. Bellair believes you love him.

Har. Men are seldom in the right when they guess at a womans mind; would she, whom he loves, love him no better.

Busy. [*Aside.*] That's e'en well enough on all conscience.

Emil. Mr. Dorimant has a great deal of wit.

Har. And takes a great deal of pains to shew it.

Emil. He's extreamly well fashion'd.

Har. Affectedly grave, or ridiculouſly wild and a piſt.

Busy. You defend him ſtill againſt your Mother.

Har. I would not were he juſtly rally'd, but I cannot hear any one undeſervedly rail'd at.

Emil. Has your woman learnt the ſong you were ſo taken with?

Har. I was fond of a new thing; 'tis dull at ſecond hearing.

Emil. M. Dorimant made it.

Busy. She knows it, Madam, and has made me ſing it at leaſt a dozen times this morning.

Har. Thy tongue is as impertinent as thy fingers.

Emil. You have provok'd her.

Busy. 'Tis but ſinging the ſong and I ſhall appeaſe her.

Emil. Prithee do.

Har. She has a voice will grate your ears worſe than a cat-call, and dreſſes ſo ill, ſhe's ſcarce fit to trick up a yeomans daughter on a holyday.

Busy ſings.

SONG by Sir C. S.

As Amoret wiſh Phillis ſate,

One evening on the plain,

And ſaw the charming Strephon wait

To tell the Nymph his pain.

The threatening danger to remove

She

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She whisper'd in her ear,
Ab Phillis, if you would not love,
This Shepherd do not hear.
None ever had so strange an art
His passion to convey
Into a listning virgins heart
And steal her soul away.
Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
Occasion for your fate.
In vain said she, in vain I strive,
Alas! 'tis now too late.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Musick so softens and disarms the mind.

Har. That not one arrow does resistance find.

Dor. Let us make use of the lucky minute then.

Har. [Aside turns from Dorimant.] My love springs
with my blood into my face, I dare not look upon him
yet.

Dor. What have we here, the picture of a celebrated
beauty, giving audience in publick to a declar'd Lover?

Har. Play the dying Fopp, and make the piece com-
pleat, Sir.

Dor. What think you if the hint were well improv'd
The whole mystery of making love pleasantly design'd,
and wrought in a suit of hangings?

Har. 'Twere needless to execute Fools in effigie,
who suffer daily in their own persons.

Dor. [To Emilia aside] Mrs. Bride, for such I know
this happy day has made you.

Emil Defer the formal joy you are to give me, and
mind your business with her ... [Aloud] Here are dread-
ful preparations, Mr. Dorimant, writings sealing, and
a Parson sent for. ..

Dor. To marry this Lady...

Busy

96 THE MAN OF MODE, or;

Busy. Condemn'd she is, and what will become of her I know not, without you generously engage in a rescue.

Dor. In this sad condition, Madam, I can do no less than offer you my service.

Har. The obligation is not great, you are the common sanctuary for all young women who run from their relations.

Dor. I have always my arms open to receive the distressed. But I will open my heart and receive you, where none yet did ever enter... You have fill'd it with a secret, might I but let you know it...

Har. Do not speak it, if you would have me believe it; your Tongue is so fam'd for falsehood, 'twill do the truth an injury. [Turns away her head.]

Dor. Turn not away then, but look on me and guess it.

Har. Did you not tell me there was no credit to be given to faces? That women now adays have their passions as much at will, as they have their complexions, and put on joy and sadness, scorn and kindness, with the same ease they do their paint and patches... Are they the only counterfeits?

Dor. You wrong your own, while you suspect my eyes. By all the hope I have in you, the inimitable colour in your cheeks is not more free from art, than are the sighs I offer.

Har. In men who have been long hardn'd in sin, we have reason to mistrust the first signs of repentance.

Dor. The prospect of such a Heav'n will make me persevere, and give you marks that are infallible.

Har. What are those?

Dor. I will renounce all the joys I have in friendship and in wine, sacrifice to you all the interest I have in other women...

Har. Hold! though I wish you devout, I would not have you turn fanatick... Could you neglect these a while and make a journey into the country?

Dor.

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Dor. To be with you I could live there: and never send one thought to *London*.

Har. What e'er you say, I know all beyond *High Park's* a desert to you, and that no gallantry can draw you farther.

Dor. That has been the utmost limit of my love... But now my passion knows no bounds, and there's no measure to be taken of what I'll do for you, from any thing I ever did before.

Har. When I hear you talk thus in *Hampshire*, I shall begin to think there may be some truth enlarg'd upon.

Dor. Is this all... will you not promise me...

Har. I hate to promise! What we do then is expected from us, and wants much of the welcome it finds, when it surprizes.

Dor. May I not hope?

Har. That depends on you, and not on me, and 'tis to no purpose to forbid it. *[Turns to Busy.]*

Busy. Faith, Madam, now I perceive the Gentleman loves you too, e'en let him know your mind, and torment your selves no longer.

Har. Dost think I have no sense of modesty?

Busy. Think, if you lose this, you may never have another opportunity.

Har. May he hate me, (a curse that frights me when I speak it!) if ever I do a thing against the rules of decency and honour.

Dor. *[To Emilia.]* I am beholding to you for your good intentions, Madam.

Emil. I thought the concealing of our marriage from her, might have done you better service.

Dor. Try her again...

Emil. What have you resolv'd, Madam? The time draws near.

Har. To be obstinate and protest against this marriage.

Enter L. Townley in haste.

L. Town. *[To Emilia.]* Quickly, quickly, let Mr.

G

Smirk

76 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Smirk out of the closet. [*Smirk comes out of the closet*]

Har. A Parson! had you laid him in here?

Dor. I knew nothing of him.

Har. Should it appear you did, your opinion of me
casiness may cost you dear.

Enter O. Bellair, Y. Bellair, Medley, and L. Woodvill.

O. Bell. Out a pife! the cononical hour is almost past
fister, is the man of God come?

L. Town. He waits your leisure...

O. Bell. By your favour, Sir. A-dod, a pretty spruce
fellow! What may we call him?

L. Town. Mr. *Smirk*! my Lady *Biggots* Chaplain.

O. Bell. A wise woman! a-dod she is. The man will
serve for the flesh as well as the spirit. Please you, Sir,
to commission a young couple to go to-bed together:
Gods name?... *Harry.*

Y. Bell. Here, Sir...

O. Bell. Out a pife, without your mistress in your hand?

Smirk. Is this the Gentleman?

O. Bell. Yes, Sir!

Smirk. Are you not mistaken, Sir?

O. Bell. A-dod, I think not, Sir.

Smirk. Sure you are, Sir?

O. Bell. You look as if you would forbid the banes,
Mr. *Smirk*; I hope you have no pretension to the Lady!

Smirk. Wish him joy, Sir; I have done him the good
office to-day already.

O. Bell. Out a pife, what do I hear?

L. Town. Never storm, Brother, the truth is out.

O. Bell. How say you, Sir! is this your wedding day?

Y. Bell. It is, Sir.

O. Bell. And a-dod it shall be mine too; give me thy
hand, sweet-heart, [*To Emilia.*] what dost thou mean?
Give me thy hand, I say. [*Emil. kneels and Y. Bell.*]

L. Town. Come, come, give her your blessing, this
is the woman your son lov'd, and is marry'd to.

O. Bell. Ha! cheated! cozen'd! and by your contrivance,
fister!

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L. Town. What would you do with her? She's a rogue and you can't abide her.

Med. Shall I hit her a pat for you, Sir?

O. Bell. A-dod, you are all rogues, and I never will forgive you.

L. Town. Whither! whither away?

Med. Let him go and cool a while.

L. Wood. [*To Dorimant.*] Here's a business broke out now, Mr. *Courtage*, I am made a fine fool of.

Dor. You see the old Gentleman knew nothing of it.

L. Wood. I find he did not. I shall have sometrick put upon me if I stay in this wicked Town any longer. *Harriet!* dear child! Where art thou? I'll into the country straight.

O. Bell. A-dod, Madam, you shall hear me first...

Enter Loveit and Bellinda.

Lov. Hither my Man dog'd him! ...

Bell. Yonder he stands, my dear.

Lov. I see him ... [*Aside.*] And with him the face that has undone me! Oh that I were but where I might throw out the anguish of my heart, here it must rage within and break it.

L. Town. Mrs. *Loveit!* are you afraid to come forward?

Lov. I was amaz'd to see so much company here in a morning, the occasion sure is extraordinary...

Dor. [*Aside.*] *Loveit* and *Bellinda!* the Devil owes me a shame to-day, and I think never will have done paying it.

Lov. Marry'd! dear *Emilia!* how am I transported with the news?

Har. [*to Dorimant.*] I little thought *Emilia* was the woman Mr. *Bellair* was in love with... I'll chide her for not trusting me with the secret.

Dor. How do you like Mrs. *Loveit*?

Har. She's a fam'd Mrs. of yours I hear...

Dor. She has been on occasion!

O. Bell. A-dod, Madam, I cannot help it.

[*To L. Woodvil.*

L. Wood. You need make no more apologies Sir.

100 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Emil. [*to Lovest.*] The old Gentleman's excusing him self to my Lady Woodvil.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! I never heard of any thing so pleasant.

Har. She's extreamly overjoy'd at something. [*To Dor.*

Dor. At nothing, she is one of those hoyting Ladies, who gayly fling themselves about, and force a laugh, when their aking hearts are full of discontent and malice.

Lov. Oh Heav'n! I was never so near killing my self with laughing... Mr. *Dorimant*! are you a Brideman?

L. Wood. Mr. *Dorimant*! is this Mr. *Dorimant*, Madam?

Lov. If you doubt it, your daughter can resolve you, I suppose.

L. Wood. I am cheated too! basely cheated!

O. Bell. Out a pize, what's here, more knavery yet?

L. Wood. *Harriet*! on my blessing come away I charge you.

Har. Dear mother! do but stay and hear me.

L. Wood. I am betray'd, and thou art undone I fear.

Har. Do not fear it... I have not, nor never will do any thing against my duty... Believe me, dear Mother, do.

Dor. [*To Lov.*] I had trusted you with this secret, but that I knew the violence of your nature would ruine my fortune, as now unluckily it has: I thank you, Madam.

Lov. She's an Heirefs I know, and very rich.

Dor. To satisfy you I must give up my interest wholly to my Love; had you been a reasonable woman, I might have secur'd 'em both, and been happy...

Lov. You might have trusted me with any thing of this kind, you know you might. Why did you go under a wrong name!

Dor. The story is too long to tell you now, be satisfied, this is the business; this is the masque has kept me from you.

Bell. He's tender of my honor, though he's cruel to my Love. [*Aside.*

Lov. Was it no idle Mistress then?

Dor. Believe me a wife, to repair the ruines of my estate that needs it.

Lov. The knowledge of this makes my griet hang light-

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 101

lighter on my soul; but I shall never more be happy.

Dor. Bellinda!

Bell. Do not think of clearing your self with me, it is impossible... Do all men break their words thus?

Dor. Th'extravagant words they speak in love: 'tis as unreasonable to expect we should perform all we promise then, as do all we threaten when we are angry... When I see you next...

Bell. Take no notice of me, and I shall not hate you.

Dor. How came you to Mrs. Loveit?

Bell. By a mistake the chair-men made for want of my giving them directions.

Dor. 'Twas a pleasant one. We must meet again.

Bell. Never.

Dor. Never?

Bell. When we do, may I be as infamous as you are false.

L. Town. Men of Mr. Dorimant's character, always suffer in the general opinion of the world.

Med. You can make no judgment of a witty man from common fame, considering the prevailing faction, Madam...

O. Bell. A-dod, he's in the right.

Med. Besides 'tis a common error among women, to believe too well of them they know, and too ill of them they don't.

O. Bell. A-dod, he observes well.

L. Town. Believe me, Madam, you will find Mr. Dorimant as civil a Gentleman as you thought Mr. Courtage.

Har. If you would but to know him better.

L. Wood. You have a mind to know him better! Come away... You shall never see him more...

Har. Dear mother, stay...

L. Wood. I wo' not be consenting to your ruine...

Har. Were my fortune in your power...

L. Wood. Your person is.

Har. Could I be disobedient I might take it out of yours, and put it into his.

L. Wood. 'Tis that you would beat, you would marry this Dorimant.

182 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Har. I cannot deny it: I would, and never will marry any other man.

L. Wood. Is this the duty that you promis'd?

Har. But I will never marry him against your will...

L. Wood. She knows the way to melt my heart.
[*Aside.*] Upon your self light your undoing. [To *Har.*

Med. [To *O. Bell.*] Come, Sir, you have not the heart any longer to refuse your blessing.

O. Bell. A-dod, I ha' not... Rise, and God bless you both... make much of her *Harry*, she deserves thy kindness... A-dod firrah, I did not think it had been in thee.
[To *Emilia.*

Enter Sir Fopling and his Page.

Sir Fop. 'Tis a damn'd windy day. Hey Page! Is my perriwig right?

Page. A little out of order, Sir!

Sir Fop. Pox o'this apartment, it want's an antichamber to adjust ones self in. [To *Loveit.*] Madam! I came from your house, and your Servants directed me hither.

Lov. I will give order hereafter they shall direct you better

Sir Fop. The great satisfaction I had in the mail last night has given me much disquiet since.

Lov. 'Tis likely to give me more than I desire.

Sir Fop. What the Devil makes her so reserv'd? Am I guilty of an indiscretion, Madam?

Lov. You will be of a great one, if you continue your mistake, Sir.

Sir Fop. Something puts you out of humour.

Lov. The most foolish inconsiderable thing that ever did.

Sir Fop. Is it in my power?

Lov. To hang or drown it; do one of 'em, and trouble me no more.

Sir Fop. So fierce? Serviteur, Madam... *Medley*, where's *Dorimant*?

Med. Methinks the Lady has not made you those advances

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 103

vances to-day she did last night, Sir *Fopling*...

Sir Fop. Prithee do not talk of her.

Med. She would be a *bonne-fortune*.

Sir Fop. Not to me at present.

Med. How so?

Sir Fop. An intrigue now would be but a temptation to me to throw away that vigour on one which I mean shall shortly make my court to the whole sex in a ballet.

Med. Wisely consider'd, *Sir Fopling*.

Sir Fop. No one Woman is worth the loss of a cut in a caper.

Med. Not when 'tis so universally design'd.

L. Wood. Mr. *Dorimant*, every one has spoke so much in your behalf, that I can no longer doubt but I was in the wrong.

Lov. There's nothing but falsehood and impertinence in this world! all men are villains or fools; take example from my misfortunes. *Bellinda*, if thou would'st be happy, give thy self wholly up to goodness.

Har. [to *Loveit*.] Mr. *Dorimant* has been your God almighty long enough, 'tis time to think of another.

Lov. Jeer'd by her! I will lock my self up in my house, and never see the world again.

Har. A Nunnery is the more fashionable place for such a retreat, and has been the fatal consequence of many a belle passion.

Lov. Hold heart! till I get home! should I answer, 'twould make her triumph greater. [Is going out.]

Dor. Your hand, *Sir Fopling*...

Sir Fop. Shall I wait upon you, Madam?

Lov. Legion of fools, as many Devils take thee.

[Ex. *Lov*]

Med. *Dorimant*? I pronounce thy reputation clear... and henceforward when I would know any thing of woman, I will consult no other oracle.

Sir Fop. Stark mad, by all that's handsome! *Dorimant*, thou hast engag'd me in a pretty business.

Dor. I have not leisure now to talk about it.

104 THE MAN OF MODE; 67,

O. Bell. Out a pize, what does this man of mode do here agen?

L. Town. He'll be an excellent entertainment within, Brother, & is luckily come to raise the mirth of the Company.

L. Wood. Madam, I take my leave of you.

L. Town. What do you mean, Madam?

L. Wood. To go this afternoon part of my way to Hartly.

O. Bell. A-dod you shall stay and dine first! come we will all be good friends, and you shall give Mr. Dorimant leave to wait upon you and your daughter in the country.

L. Wood. If his occasions bring him that way, I have now so good an opinion of him, he shall be welcome.

Har. To a great rambling lone house, that looks as it were not inhabited, the family's so small; there you'll find my Mother, an old lame aunt, and my self, Sir, perch'd upon chairs at a distance in a large parlour; sitting moping like three or four melancholy birds in a spacious vollery... Does not this stagger your resolution?

Dor. Not at all, Madam! the first time I saw you, you left me with the pangs of love upon me, and this day my soul has quite given up her liberty.

Har. This is more dismal than the country. Emilia! pity me, who am going to that sad place. Methinks I hear the hateful noise of rooks already... Kaw... Kaw... Kaw... There's musick in the worst Cry in London; My dill and cucumbers to pickle.

O. Bell. Sister, knowing of this matter, I hope you have provided us some good chear.

L. Town. I have, Brother, and the fiddles too...

O. Bell. Let 'em strike up then; the young Lady shall have a dance before she departs. [Dance.]

[After the dance.]

So no we'll in, and make this an arrant weddingday...

And if these honest Gentlemen rejoyce, [To the Pitt.]

A-dod the Boy has made a happy choice. [Ex. Omnes.]

EPI.



EPILOGUE,

By Mr. Dryden.

Most modern Wits such monstrous Fools have shewn
They seem'd not of Heav'n's making but their own.
Those nauseous Harlequins in farce may pass,
But there goes more to a substantial Ass!
Something of man must be expos'd to view,
That, Gallants, they may more resemble you.
Sir Fopling is a Fool so nicely writ,
The Ladies wou'd mistake him for a Wit
And when he sings, talks loud, & cocks, wou'd cry,
I vow methinks he's pretty company;
So brisk, so gay, so travel'd, so refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True Fops help natures work, and go to school,
To file and finish God-a'mightys fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He's Knight o' th' shire, and represents ye all.
From each he meets, he culls what e'er he can,
Legion's his name, a people in a Man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o're you, like a Snow-ball grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow,
One taught the tofs, and one the new French wallow.
His sword-knot, this, his cravat, this desin'd,
And this, the yard long snake he twirls behind.
From one the sacred perriwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profan'd,
Anothers diving bow he did adore,
Which, with a hog, casts all the hair before:
'Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And rises with a water spaniel shake.
As for his Songs (the Ladies dear delight)
Those sure he took from most of you who write,
Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd,
For no one Fool is hunted from the Herd,

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